



No. 363.—VOL. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



COLONEL W. H. MACKINNON, WHO WILL COMMAND "THE LORD MAYOR'S OWN"

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND FOX, PICCADILLY.

THE CLUBMAN.

Lieut.-Colonel Pilcher, who has sprung into celebrity by the very successful action he fought at Sunnyside, as the leader of the Colonial troops, has gained his experience and his brevet title in a very different sphere of action. He has been a successful commander in West Africa, and there could be nothing more widely different in a British soldier's experience than the slow work through the West African country and the quick work through the South African plains and kopjes. Wellington learnt in India the lessons he put to such good use in Spain and Portugal. "This General of Sepoys," was the great Napoleon's sneer at his conqueror that was to be, and it is typical of Britain and her fighting sons that a man whose experience has been gained in the African tropics should have led to victory our gallant Colonists from Canada and Australia. Colonel Pilcher served in the "Fighting Fifth" for twenty years.

One of the amusing sights during the past week for anyone who knew where and how to see it was the trying of candidates for the Imperial Yeomanry who had reported themselves as being good riders and who were put to the test. Thanks to our climate, the falling during the past week has been very soft, and so many of the young men who were anxious to go out and fight, and who had never experienced the sensation of being on a horse before, fell very softly. That men should be so anxious to meet our enemies that they were prepared, as a first condition, to try and master the untamed animals our men are put on out in South Africa without any previous experience, shows how keen our rising generation is to see some fighting.

Sir Howard Vincent has always been a leader in all Volunteer movements, and he was the first of the Volunteer Colonels to offer men to the Government during this war. Therefore, it must have been a bitter disappointment to him not to be able to pass the medical examination, and to be thus debarred from taking command of the City force for active service. Sir Howard, however, has far too much pluck to be discouraged by his disappointment, bitter as it must have been, and he will, I am sure, find good work to do in South Africa as an organiser.

I have a great belief myself in rifle-clubs, and should like to see every village with its butt. I do not think that any long range is necessary, and in Switzerland, which is a model country in this respect, the ranges are all very short, nearness to the village being the first consideration. There is not a village lad in Switzerland who does not know how to handle a military rifle and how to shoot straight with it. If any great national danger forced a *levée en masse* on us, how many of our village youths would know how to sight and fire a Lee-Metford rifle?

Our military authorities will have to turn their attention before long to the rewards that the Volunteer corps who have sent out their companies to their regiments of the Line should receive. Nothing would please the Volunteers better than to be presented with colours, and, as most Volunteer corps have ceased to be rifle regiments, there is no reason why they should not have them. The company of each Volunteer regiment that has volunteered for the present war, and which might in future be kept as a picked company, ready at any time to take the field, in case of emergency, with its Line battalion, could be made the "Queen's Company" of the regiment, and have the honour of guarding the colours on all parades of ceremony. No doubt, some special privileges or distinction would be given to the officers and men of this company.

It is only necessary to look outside the trunk-makers' shops at the present time to learn of what very various ingredients the Imperial Yeomanry will consist. On the little boxes and portmanteaux that are piled up are the names of half of the younger members of the aristocracy, mingled with the Browns and the Joneses and Robinsons. Businessmen, solicitors especially, tell me that this exodus of the aristocracy has almost paralysed business transactions, for in every case, or every agreement, somebody absolutely necessary to the carrying-out of it has gone out to South Africa.

Some of the Militia regiments which are going to South Africa are a splendid sight on parade. Colonel "Harry" McCalmont takes out his corps 1200 strong. His men are very fond of him, and he is always thinking of their welfare. There was a big shoot on one of his estates before Christmas, at which he was not present himself, for his military duties tied him down to Colchester. When he heard of the enormous total of pheasants shot, his first remark was that every man of his Militia battalion and of his old corps, the Scots Guards, should eat pheasant at dinner on Christmas Day.

The Lord Mayor, sitting in the historic chair in the Banqueting Hall of the Honourable Artillery Company and swearing in the men who have volunteered for South Africa, was surrounded by interesting relics. The "H.A.C." being a most efficient military body, enjoys at its headquarters all the advantages of a most excellent Club, and has a far more interesting collection of arms and relics and pictures than any Service Club in the West of London. Indeed, after the Tower and the United Service Institution, there is no collection in London that equals it.

It is pleasant to see that the present Lord Mayor is establishing bonds of friendship between the City of London and its regiment of the Line, "The Royal Fusiliers." Previous Lord Mayors have taken very slight notice of the gallant 7th; but the present head of the City, by his present at Christmas to the regiment, his banquet to the men going out to reinforce, and his guardianship of the colours, has done graceful acts to a corps the City has every reason to be proud of.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

The chronicle of the war happenings for the past week deals mainly with fighting. Indeed, scarce a day has elapsed—between the 3rd and the 10th inst.—but news has reached London of Britons and Boers giving battle in one or more places within the theatre of hostilities during this period.

In Natal increased rapidity of action has lately been shown by General Buller, and at almost any moment we may expect to hear of his making a fresh attempt to cross the Tugela River (now reported fordable) and thus forcing his way into Ladysmith. The battle that must necessarily precede this movement will undoubtedly be a fierce one.

Sir George White had on Saturday last to repel the most serious attacks he had hitherto sustained at Ladysmith. The earliest news was communicated in the following telegrams from Sir Redvers Buller—

No. 1.

[By Heliograph from Sir George White.]

Jan. 6, 9 a.m.

Enemy attacked Caesar's Camp at 2.45 this morning in considerable force. Enemy everywhere repulsed, but fighting still continues.

No. 2.

Jan. 6, 11 a.m.

Attack continues, and enemy has been reinforced from south.

No. 3.

Jan. 6, 12.45 p.m.

Have beaten enemy off at present, but they are still round me in great numbers, especially to the south, and I think renewed attack very probable.

Sir Redvers added: "The sun has failed, so I cannot get further information from Ladysmith until to-morrow."

The following further telegram was posted from Sir Redvers Buller at the War Office at ten o'clock on Sunday night—

FRERE CAMP, Jan. 7.

I received following message to-day from White—

Jan. 6, 3.15 p.m.

"Attack renewed.

"Very hard pressed."

I have absolutely no more news, and there is no sun.

There is a camp rumour that he defeated the enemy at 5 p.m., and took four hundred prisoners.

I sent all available troops yesterday to make demonstration at Colenso. The trenches there were all occupied by enemy.

The chief fighting of which we had previous intimation last week occurred in the vicinity of Colesberg. Here that dashing cavalryman, General French, with the 10th Hussars, the 6th Dragoons, and detachments of the 2nd Berkshire and 1st Suffolk Regiments, and some Artillery, engaged a thousand of the enemy for four days in succession. In the severe action that was fought there last Thursday the main honours seem to have fallen to the mounted men, who, by a series of gallantly performed charges, swept the enemy from the field, captured their kopje, and inflicted a loss of fifty in killed and wounded upon them. On our side the casualty-list was remarkably small. Unfortunately, however, it included an officer who could ill be spared. This was Major Harvey, of the 10th Hussars, who fell while heroically leading his men against the enemies of his Queen and country. He was the younger son of the late Sir Robert Harvey, of Langley Park, Bucks, and heir-presumptive to the present Baronet.

On the following Friday and Saturday further fighting took place in same neighbourhood, for, owing to the numerical weakness of General French's force, a portion of the enemy contrived to re-occupy a range of hills to the south-east of Colesberg. An unfortunate incident characterised the second day's action, namely, the capture of seventy men of the Suffolk Regiment, owing to a ruse on the part of a Boer bugler who sounded the "retire." In obedience to the call, three companies immediately fell back. A fourth, however, suspecting the genuineness of the order, held its ground. It was then overpowered by a strong force of the enemy and compelled to surrender. This, it will be remembered, is the second time that such tactics have proved successful, for at Eland's Laagte our men were similarly tricked. It is satisfactory, however, to find that, despite this unfortunate occurrence, General French is retaining his position and that the situation is otherwise practically unchanged.

To Colonel Pilcher, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, operating on the Western Border, belongs the credit of smartly outwitting the enemy at Sunnyside on New Year's Day. With a small force—consisting chiefly of Colonial troops—he pushed forward to Douglas, and, surprising the Boers by the total unexpectedness of his arrival, relieved the long-beleaguered town, and triumphantly hoisted the Union Jack there again. Before doing this, he succeeded in capturing a laager, taking forty prisoners, and inflicting a large loss in killed and wounded upon the enemy encountered *en route*.

While this well-planned and ably executed little affair of Colonel Pilcher's was being carried out, Lord Methuen detached some of his cavalry (under General Babington) to perform a useful reconnaissance along the Riet River. To the successful accomplishment of this was largely due the happy result of Colonel Pilcher's daring movement, for the vigilance of the mounted men did much to prevent the Boers receiving reinforcements. The greatest praise, however, is undoubtedly due to the sterling military qualities displayed by the Colonial contingent with the first-named officer. As Colonel Pilcher said of them, "No troops in the world could have behaved better under fire."

For strategical reasons it was subsequently resolved to evacuate the town of Douglas and to withdraw the garrison of occupation to a position where their presence would prove of more service. The loyal and

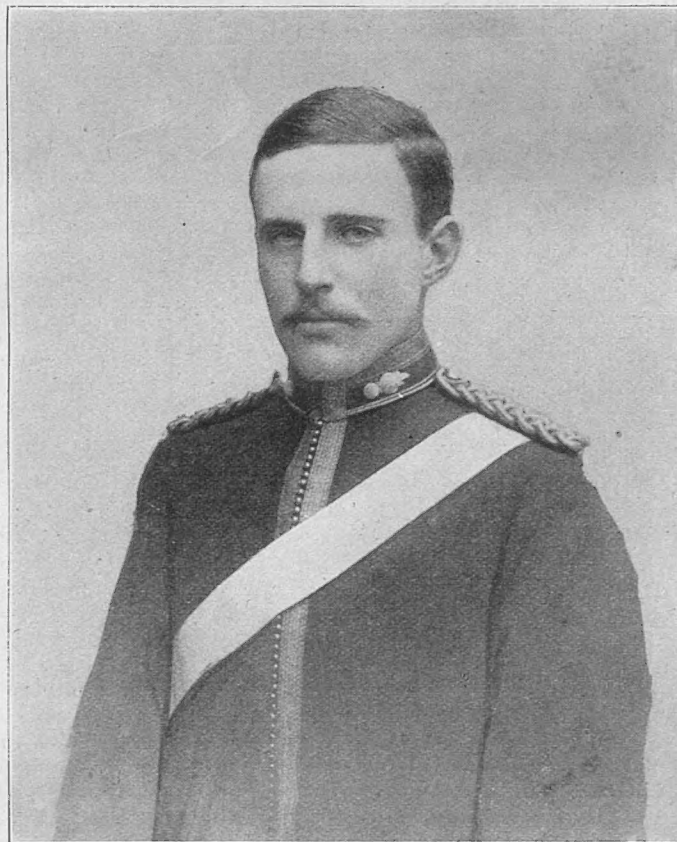
SOME OF OUR WOUNDED OFFICERS.

(See next Page.)



MAJOR G. C. WILSON, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, REPORTED SERIOUSLY WOUNDED AT MAFEKING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



CAPTAIN H. L. REED, 7TH BATTERY R.F.A., WOUNDED AT COLENSO AND RECOMMENDED FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.



MAJOR R. H. G. HEYGATE, OF THE BORDER REGIMENT, WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF THE TUGELA.

Photo by Martin Jacolette, South Kensington.



LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, 9TH LANCERS, REPORTED WOUNDED AT MAFEKING.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

hardly tried inhabitants there have, accordingly, been sent to Belmont. Against this evacuation on our side we may place the almost coincident abandonment of Molteno by the Boers.

At home England's sons continue to do their duty nobly. The recent response to the nation's call to arms is in no way diminishing, and every day sees the rallying of increased numbers round the Old Flag. On Saturday morning the members of the last batch of "The Lord Mayor's Own" were sworn in at the Guildhall with much civic ceremony. When this had been done, and each man had been presented with a brand-new Queen's shilling in token of his enrolment, the City of London Regiment was finally completed. The command of the infantry portion of the corps has devolved upon Colonel the Earl of Albemarle, *vice* Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, who has had the hard luck to be pronounced "medically unfit."

At the very moment that these patriotic proceedings were in progress, sharp fighting was taking place at Ladysmith (as shown in the foregoing telegrams). From such information as is at present to hand, it appears that a large force of the Boers attempted to surprise the camp at day-break. Fortunately, General White's garrison was fully prepared, and the result was that the attacking party was severely repulsed. Indeed, at the time of writing, a rumour has reached London stating that White won a signal victory on Saturday evening and captured 400 prisoners. If this proves to have really been the case, Buller's advance will be made under extremely favourable conditions.

SOME OF OUR WOUNDED OFFICERS.

Captain Gordon Chesney Wilson, who, according to a Pretoria telegram, was seriously wounded in a recent sortie from Mafeking, is the husband of the intrepid Lady Sarah Wilson, the lady Newspaper Correspondent who fell into the hands of the Boers and remained a prisoner till Colonel Baden-Powell effected an exchange. *The Sketch* wishes him a speedy recovery and a happy return home with his brave lady. I notice that my photographer has given him the—perhaps brevet—rank of Major. May this prove a happy augury of the near future!

Among those who may confidently expect to participate in any distinction at the close of the war will most certainly be Captain H. L. Reed, of No. 7 Battery Royal Field Artillery. Indeed, General Buller has already cabled to his father (Sir Andrew Reed, K.C.B., Royal Irish Constabulary) that he intends recommending him for the Victoria Cross, on account of his conspicuous valour at the recent Battle of Colenso.

Major Robert H. G. Heygate, the Border Regiment, is privileged to write the letters "D.S.O." after his name. This means that he is the possessor of the "Distinguished Service Order," which, after the Victoria Cross, is a soldier's most coveted decoration. In Major Heygate's case, the award was conferred upon him for services rendered during the Dongola Expedition of 1896.

Among those reported "severely wounded," during a recent sortie from Mafeking, was Lieutenant Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, of the 9th Lancers. Until recently he had been an A.D.C. to Lord Cadogan, in Dublin, but his praiseworthy keenness for active service made him relinquish his appointment in order to use his sword against the enemies of his Sovereign.

THE LATE MR. SCHNADHORST.

By the death of Mr. Francis Schnadhorst, which took place on Jan. 2, at Putney, the Liberal Party has sustained an undoubted loss. Born in



THE LATE MR. SCHNADHORST.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Birmingham in 1840, and educated at King Edward's School in that town, he became, in 1877, Secretary of the famous National Liberal Federation, an organisation mainly responsible for the Liberal victories of 1880 and 1885. So much was his work appreciated that he received from the Liberal Party an address and a purse of ten thousand guineas. In 1893 he retired, having spent a lifetime in working for the advancement of Liberal principles. Personally, Mr. Schnadhorst had something rather German in the cast of his features. He wore bushy whiskers and glasses, and had a prominent forehead. As he was very deaf, he used to carry about a speaking-trumpet, but, of course, as his infirmity increased, so he lost a good

deal of his facility. The principal point about him was a certain tact in settling differences.

The portrait that appeared in the last issue of *The Sketch* over the name Lieutenant W. W. Weldon was wrongly titled. The name should have been Meldon. I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Meldon, father of the gallant young officer, for pointing out the unfortunate error.

"THE MASKED BALL," AT THE CRITERION.

The moral of "The Masked Ball" may be expressed in a line suggested by a famous song, "You should never trust your donah to a pal." Louis Martinot did, for he asked his friend, Dr. Paul Blondet, to make inquiries about the position, family, and character of Mdlle. Suzanne Bergomat, for whose lily hand he proposed to propose. Blondet, like many other ambassadors on similar missions, was faithless to his trust. He told the girl that Martinot was a scamp, and told his friend that Suzanne and her father drank, unlike fishes. So the friend went to Canada, and Blondet married the girl and lived happily for a little while after. Of course, however, he had to pay for his lies. Martinot came back, and the Doctor guessed that when he and Suzanne met the lies would out. So he did his best to prevent the meeting, and in this was assisted by his partner, old Poulard, the unhappy, untruthful husband of a madly jealous wife.

Blondet's efforts failed. Suzanne and Martinot met at a masked ball, which she ought not to have visited, and, after a few words of explanation, discovered the ugly truth about the still uglier untruths. They resolved to punish Blondet, though his wife loved him, and could hit upon nothing more ingenious than causing him sorrow by inducing him to believe that his wife was really a drunkard. They were successful. Blondet suffered cruelly until he was told that he, too, had been tricked, and then, I suppose, they lived happily together ever after. Yet I have my doubts, for I fancy that the wife was never the same creature in her husband's eyes after the scene of intoxication.

"The Masked Ball," which is an adaptation by Mr. Clyde Fitch of the successful play by Messrs. Bisson et Carré, when produced, last Saturday, at the Criterion, met with favour, though I doubt whether Miss Ellaline Terriss, in the intoxication scene, will make such a "hit" as was made in New York by Miss Maud Adams, if reports be true. Yet Miss Terriss played the part cleverly—perhaps, in a way, too cleverly, for, in a play of this class, one hardly wishes the actress to make such a scene seem true. It is a rather curious fact that, in farce, if you hold the mirror up to nature, it must be a distorting mirror. Otherwise, everything gets out of focus, and the audience is apt to get out of humour. It is very difficult to hit upon a nice difference between the proper way of presenting intoxication in a farce and the proper way of presenting it in a sincere comedy, and yet the difference is of great importance. Of course, Mr. Seymour Hicks—the Blondet—was indefatigable, and he rushed about, pushed one character, pulled another, whirled his arms and worked his face with unflagging energy, with a result that can easily be imagined. Perhaps admirers of the Hawtreys style would have liked repose, but the traditions of the Criterion are quite against repose in farce. The piece is called "farceical comedy," but the term is only a little joke of the author. Of course, Miss Fanny Brough was vastly clever as Poulard's jealous wife, and Mr. Herbert Standing in the part of the husband gave an excellent performance, whilst it would be unjust not to mention an admirable piece of acting by Mr. George Raimeond in a small part.

E. F. S.

A FAREWELL TO "THE BELLES OF NEW YORK."

On Thursday evening, or rather, chiefly on Friday morning, Mr. Musgrove gave a supper at the Cecil as a "send-off" to the American company which, in "The Belle of New York," has achieved one of the biggest successes on record. A large party was present—chief, of course, were the principal members of the company, headed by the exquisite Edna May, but not, alas, including "the polite lunatic," while among the noteworthy Britishers were Miss Florence St. John, Miss Katie Seymour, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Rosie Boote, Miss Maud Hobson, Miss Hetty Hamer, and Miss Edith Neville, and Messrs. George Edwardes, Fred Terry, "Charlie" Hawtreys, Edmund Payne, Lionel Monckton, Charles Cartwright, "Jimmy" Glover, and H. Hitchens. After a capital supper, Mr. Musgrove proposed "The Queen and the President of the United States," and then "The Belle of New York" Company. He began by saying that the paragraphs stating that he had ended the run of the piece because of squabbles with composer and author were unfounded; he had ended the run because the run had ended itself, and he was on terms of utmost amity with author, composer, and company. After this came a few short speeches, one by Mr. Kerker, who began inaudibly, but soon spoke out, and said that he and the company had spent the loveliest twenty months of their lives in London, and were sorry to go and yet glad to get back home, and meant soon to pay a return visit. After this, and after the autograph-hunters, who were very busy collecting signatures on the pretty menu-cards, had ceased from troubling, dancing began in the Grand Hall. It was curious to notice the difference in style between the American and the English dancers, and would be impossible to allege a superiority on either side. The departing "Belles" seemed indefatigable, and it was charming to watch the record photographee, Miss Edna, her sister, Miss Jane May, and Miss Snyder vigorously and gracefully at work "every time," waltz, galop, or quadrille; and as delightful to see the dainty Miss Katie Seymour, as perfect a dancer in the ball-room as on the stage—a rather rare combination; and the graceful Miss Rosie Boote, the pretty Miss Neville, and genial Miss Connie Ediss dancing away as if five-hour rehearsals and evening performances were invigorating rather than fatiguing. How long the dance was kept up—whether it is finished even by now—goodness knows!

"THE SKETCH" SAYS "AU REVOIR" TO MISS EDNA MAY.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood, Red Lion Square, E.C.



"THEY HAVE BEEN KIND TO ME!"



"WHAT SHALL I SAY TO THEM?"



"THE BELLE" AND HER LITTLE SISTER.



"THE BELLE" AND HER FINAL TROPHIES.

THE RECRUITING OF MR. THOMAS ATKINS.

Come, boys, come and be a soldier;
Come and take a bob, and serve the Queen.

These inspiring, if not inspired, lines might, once again, while our blood is up and our enthusiasm at fever-heat over the war, be sung with nightly applause, as they were by the lion-comique long ago. Only, alas and alack, for the old order changeth and giveth place to the new, they would no longer be correct, for the Queen's shilling has followed the lead of all other things fleshly, and gone the way of all other shillings which become a vanishing quantity for services not performed. When the custom was abolished, history can tell, but most of the recruiting-sergeants of to-day would be puzzled if asked to state even the year when they ceased handing over to the recruit the silver coin which was supposed to transform the raggedest youth into a soldier of the Queen and a defender of the country.

The popular mind, prone to exaggeration, conjures up the idea of the recruiting-sergeant as prowling around public-houses, like the reincarnation of Mephistopheles himself, to which his red coat lends a touch of suggestiveness, seeking whom he may get into his clutches and the Army, and holding out all sorts of inducements to the street corner loafer to "come and be a soldier."

Unhappily for this popular notion, however, would-be recruits know as much about the Army as the recruiters themselves. They have chums and "mates" in the Service, and from them they have derived all the information they need on the subject. Were a recruiting-sergeant so lost to the requirements of the situation as to attempt anything in the nature of blarney, the youth accosted would, in short order, ask, in the vernacular, "What are yer getting at?"

Sooth to say, the recruiting of Mr. Thomas Atkins—whom the public, with too great a familiarity, has nicknamed "Tommy"—is a very cut-and-dried, not to say prosaic and unpicturesque proceeding. The officer has his allotted district and his allotted hours, for all the

world as if he were a bank-clerk, and he goes through his routine of duties with as much regularity. To him, at his post, as the old play-books would say, there enters a youth. If not by the look of his eye alone, yet by his general appearance the experienced sergeant can tell whether he means to enlist. "Have you come up to join?" he asks. "Yes," replies the youth. The sergeant tests him roughly to make sure if he is up to the regulation measurements and that his eyesight is good. For this latter purpose he is furnished with a card which he calls a "dot-card," as it has on it certain black dots, which represent what a bull's-eye would look like to a normal eye at a distance of six hundred yards. Satisfied with his rough-and-ready examination, the sergeant marches his man back to the dépôt, and makes out a "notice-paper" with all the necessary particulars regarding the man's name, place of birth, age, trade, and sundry other particulars. This is handed in to the clerk at the office, the recruit's papers are made out, and he is sent to the doctor, where he is stripped, weighed, measured, and examined. Then the oath is administered to him, the form of which is as follows: "I, —, do make oath that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to Her Majesty, Her Heirs and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend Her Majesty, Her Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown, and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of Her Majesty, Her Heirs and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God."

This over, the recruit is sent to the receiving dépôt, or wherever he has to join the regiment which he has selected.

Nine times out of every ten the uniform determines the selection of the regiment. It catches the eye of the youth; he fancies himself in those clothes, and, because of them, he decides for the one regiment over the rest. The other one time in ten he elects for a given regiment because he has friends in it. Every regiment, so long as it is open for recruits, is bound to take the men who desire to join, if they are found fit. Even if it does not need recruits, and the man has a brother in it, he will be accepted in the ranks.

Occasionally, it happens that, when the sergeant puts the all-important question, "Have you come to join?" the youth will answer "No"; nothing is farther from his intention, he will add; yet he has come for the very purpose. What is the reason of the thushness of the why? Simply that his courage has failed him at the crucial moment. He will move away, walk five or six yards farther on, and having, in the meantime, screwed his courage to the joining-point, he will accost the next recruiting-sergeant that he meets, or even retrace his steps and announce to the sergeant he has left his determination to be a soldier.

Simple as is this method of gathering in recruits, precautions are taken to prevent men of bad character from entering the Service, and some of the regiments of the Departmental Corps—the Royal Engineers, Army Medical Corps, Army Service Corps, and the Army Ordnance Corps—require all recruits to bring characters with them; while, if the recruit is over twenty-three years of age, he must, to join any branch of the service, have a character; and if he desires to enter the Life Guards, he must furnish himself with two characters.

Recruiting, nowadays, is a work if not an artifice, yet of a certain art, involving as it does a knowledge of human nature. The recruiting officers themselves, in addition to having certain hours, have also certain pay, with a premium for each recruit they bring in. For a Militiaman the officer gets eighteenpence; for a man of the Line, Cavalry or Infantry, half-a-crown; for a gunner in the Artillery or a Guardsman, five shillings; and for a Life Guardsman, the pick of the Army, tall of stature, broad of shoulder, like a young demi-god in all his fine array, the handsome sum of £2 10s. Life Guardsmen are, however, fish that are not caught with every throw of the net. Indeed, though some men may take as many as six recruits a-day, a man who brings in six a-week is considered to be doing very good work, and he regards himself as making a very good thing out of his position.

It will, perhaps, surprise a good many people to learn that, though the daily papers declare to the contrary, the war-enthusiasm has made no difference whatever in the rate at which recruits are being gained. The one difference that has been noted is that the mobilisation of the Militia has had the effect of stopping the recruiting of Militiamen, who are waiting now to be mobilised, whereas previously at least ninety per cent. joined the Regular Army after they had been recruited for the lower branch of the service.

When the recruit arrives at the headquarters of the regiment he has selected, he reports himself, delivers his papers, and is at once handed over to the tender mercies of the drill-sergeant to begin his preparation for serving his Queen and country in that station of life to which it has pleased him to call himself.

The entertainment which is being organised by the Princess Christian to assist the funds of the Riflemen's Aid Society, which are in need of help for the wives and families and widows and orphans of the King's Royal Rifles and Rifle Brigade, is to take place at the Haymarket Theatre to-morrow, the 11th. An interesting programme is promised, for Madame Albani, Madame Giulia Ravogli, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Gregory Hast, Herr Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Lewis Waller have all kindly promised their services. Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. Frederick Harrison will appear in a new play by Louis N. Parker and A. Addison Bright, and a patriotic tableau, called "The Sons of the Empire," will conclude the entertainment, in which Miss Julia Neilson will appear as Britannia and sing the National Anthem. Her Majesty the Queen has commanded a number of stalls, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have expressed their intention of being present.

HAYMARKET.—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

EVERY EVENING at 8.30, preceded at 7.50 by THE BUGLE-CALL.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT and WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17, at 2.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.

To-Night (WEDNESDAY), Jan. 10, and Every Evening,
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
(With the whole of Mendelssohn's music).
MATINEE every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, W.—Every afternoon at 3.
Mr. W. G. ELLIOT in CHARLES I. AND CHARLES II. and A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH in THE TRIALS OF AN ENTER-TAINER. Miss LINDA KESTON in her NEW JAPANESE DANCE. Mr. Hamilton Earle will sing. Mr. A. Playfair will recite. Box-Office open 10.30 to 5.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

GRAND CIRCUS. Two Performances daily, at 3 and 8. THE DIVING HORSES, Colossal Noah's Ark. Unparalleled Company of Circus Performers, Holden's Marionettes, Sanger's Menagerie. Reddish's Water Pantomime. ROLLER SKATING daily. THADDEUS GALLERY, "Christ Before Caiaphas." Orchestral Concerts daily, &c. ONE SHILLING.

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A NEW NOVEL BY HÉLENE GINGOLD.

THE CHILLINGFIELD CHRONICLES.

By the Author of "Denyse," "A Cycle of Verse," &c. With Photogravure
Portrait of the Author. Cloth, 6s.

A story of English life in the reign of Queen Anne, full of incident and adventure.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Princess of Wales, not content with the admirable work achieved by her apropos of the hospital-ship which bears her much-loved and honoured name, has just consented to accept the Presidency of a Committee which has been formed with a view to equipping and despatching to South Africa a base-hospital for the use of the Imperial Yeomanry. The Vice-Presidents, who are also taking an active part in the scheme, are the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Connaught, while the particularly strong Committee include, in addition to the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Warwick, Lady Dudley, Lady Essex, Lady Grosvenor, and many other great ladies, with quite a group of South African women, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. Lionel Phillips, Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Mrs. Julius Wernher, and Mrs. Neumann. It has become known that a base-hospital will be of the greatest value, especially if situated at Cape Town.

The Earl of Albemarle, who takes the place of Sir Howard Vincent, is every inch a soldier and a nobleman. When, as Viscount Bury, he was a Lieutenant of the Dorset Militia and of the Scots Guards, he was most popular, while as Lieut.-Colonel of the 5th Volunteer Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps he has been highly successful. Strange to say, his ancestors were nobles of Holland, Arnold Joost Van Keppel accompanying the Prince of Orange in his expedition of 1688. When the Prince became King of England, Van Keppel was created Viscount Bury and Earl of Albemarle. The family has gained the proud title of "the fighting Keppels" by reason of its close and distinguished association with the Army. The present Earl's father was twice

Under-Secretary of State for War, and his mother was the daughter of Sir Allen Napier Maenab, a former Prime Minister of Canada. Two years before the Earl of Albemarle succeeded to the title, he fought the Borough of Birkenhead in the Conservative interest, and defeated Mr. W. H. Lever, of "Sunlight Soap" fame. It is noteworthy that the present Member for Birkenhead, Sir Elliott Lees, Bart., has been chosen as an officer in the Imperial Yeomanry.



THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE (COLONEL OF THE CIVIL SERVICE R.V.),
WHO TAKES THE PLACE OF SIR H. VINCENT.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

Although he served for a time in the 10th Hussars, it is as Commanding Officer of the Oxfordshire (Yeomanry) Hussars that Viscount Valentia is best known. He was one of the first to place his services at the disposal of the Military Authorities when the Imperial Yeomanry project was first mooted, and has taken an extremely active part in the raising of the new regiment. His own corps is furnishing a strong contingent for it. With characteristic generosity, Lord Valentia has offered to mount any accepted recruit from the Oxfordshire Hussars who is unable to provide for himself in this respect.

Major-General J. P. D. French, who celebrated New Year's Day in South Africa by winning a smartly fought action against the Boers at Colesberg, is a cavalryman of the new school. That is to say, he is a hard-working, methodically minded soldier, rather than a *beau sabreur* of the type with which "Ouida" and other lady "military" novelists have long ago made us familiar. From the days when he first entered the Army (now five-and-twenty years ago) as a subaltern in the 19th Hussars, he has ever been conspicuous for his high professional qualifications. Rapidly mastering the minutiae of the cavalry drill, he was twice selected for the coveted post of an



LORD VALENTIA, WHO WILL COMMAND THE DETACHMENT OF THE
OXFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH, WHO, WITH HIS CAVALRY DIVISION,
HAS DONE SUCH SPLENDID WORK AT COLESBERG.

Photo by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Adjutancy—firstly with his own regiment, and secondly with a Yeomanry corps. As Major and Second-in-Command of the 19th, he served in the Nile Expedition of 1884, and took part in the battles of



MISS AGNES WESTON, THE "SAILOR'S FRIEND."

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

Abu Klea and Metemmeh. It was at this time that he first came into contact with Sir Redvers Buller.

Although he was then but a comparatively junior officer (and with but ten years' service behind him), he contrived to impress his present Chief with a high opinion of his quality. As a result, French presently found himself being noted for employment on the Staff. In the Autumn Manœuvres of 1898 he served under Buller as Commander of his Cavalry Brigade. Opposed to him, as the holder of a similar appointment in the Duke of Connaught's force, was Major-General Talbot. In practically every action that took place during this mimic campaign, French completely out-manœuvred his opponent. It was not surprising, therefore, to find that Sir Redvers specially selected him to lead his cavalry when he was composing his Staff, the other day, for active service in South Africa. Recent events have abundantly shown that his reliance upon French's capabilities has been by no means misplaced.

Miss Agnes Weston's name has been before the public of late in connection with her letters to the London daily papers, urging the necessity of a "Day of Humiliation" on account of the war. Whatever may be the general opinion on this question, the following extract from one of Miss Weston's letters speaks for her real sincerity and patriotic spirit: "While our Generals are planning and our men are fighting, the attitude of the nation should surely be that of united prayer to the God of Battles, and active, sympathetic help and self-denial in connection with the families of the killed and wounded." The work done by this good lady at the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth, has won for her the well deserved title of "The Sailor's Friend."

Amid the rattle of the battle and the roar of war, it is not always easy to avoid making mistakes. That is the excuse of one of my photographers for sending me the portrait of the late Colonel Alexander Chermide (published in last week's *Sketch*) and assuring me that the photo represented Sir Herbert Chermide. My apologies are due to the gallant Sir Herbert and his family.

In Colonel W. H. Mackinnon, whose portrait appears on the front page of this issue, the newly raised City of London Imperial Volunteers have a Commanding Officer of exceptional qualifications. Although comparatively young in years, he has seen a good deal of service in various parts of the world, and has the whole science of "soldiering" at his finger-ends. He was for some time in the Grenadier Guards, and was also on the Headquarter Staff at the War Office. In 1898 he was placed on the half-pay list. Throughout the whole of his career, however, he has devoted a great deal of attention to the Volunteer movement and has exerted himself most strenuously on its behalf.

Like Lord Roberts and our Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Kelly-Kenny is an Irishman. He belongs to the modern race of soldiers who believe in hard study and brain-work. Some people were surprised when he was given the command at Aldershot, on Sir Redvers Buller's appointment to the command in South Africa; but as an actual fact, although Major-General Kelly-Kenny's only experience of active service was the campaign in China in 1860, he is probably one of the best administrators the British Army has ever had, as was proved by the

Duke of Connaught, who, when himself in command at Aldershot, picked out Kelly-Kenny to be an important member of his Staff. The distinguished soldier's great hobby is horses. He is a first-rate horseman, and can, to use a colloquial expression, "stick on" even the most vicious of Irish mares. He has made a special study of transport services, and during the 1867-68 Abyssinian Campaign, when in command of a division of a transport-train, he was mentioned in despatches for "zeal, energy, and ability."

A glance through the papers shows the whole blame for our reverses thrown variously on Mr. Chamberlain, Lords Wolseley and Lansdowne, Sir Redvers, Sir William Butler, the German Emperor—in fact, on everyone except, so far, Sir Thomas Lipton and M. Paderewski. This detestable "scapegoat-hunting," goaded on by the yellow "personal" journalism of the day, is as scandalous in, say, a Dalton murder or a Hooley exposure—only excusable on the French principle that it is better one innocent man should suffer than five hundred. Condemn murder, company-promoting, and other crimes as general systems, if you will; no one defends them. But be English (I don't quite know what this means, and, personally, I should find it hard to be anything else), and cease cowardly attacks on individuals without right of reply (except at great disadvantage under cross-examination in the dock or in the Bankruptcy Court). As in Army affairs, these criticisms lead to no practical proposal for the stopping of murder or financial conjuring-tricks. Let us take a broader view, above petty personalities. Let our attacks be not on Generals, but general.

Readers of *The Sketch* will be familiar with the portrait of one at least of Lord Roberts' Staff, from the peculiar and interesting circumstances in which it appeared. It is to Lord Settrington, grandson of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and heir, after his father, to the dukedom, that reference is made; and the portrait, it may be recalled, appeared in the group (given in *The Sketch* early last summer) which includes the venerable Duke of Richmond, Lord March, Lord Settrington, and the baby boy and heir of the latter—a unique picture of four generations. Lord Settrington, who is a Captain in the 3rd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, and is just thirty years of age, was for some time Aide-de-Camp to Lord Roberts when commanding in Ireland.



LORD SETTRINGTON, WHO ACCOMPANIED LORD ROBERTS TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

During his temporary absence, Lord Settrington will be missed alike at his home, Preston Hall, Kent, and with the tenantry on the Duke of Richmond's estates, both North and South, among whom he is a great favourite.

Captain George Lindsay Holford, C.I.E., M.V.O., who, by permission of the Prince of Wales, is proceeding to South Africa, joined the 2nd Life Guards nearly twenty years ago, exchanging into the 1st Life

Guards in the following year. Captain Holford has seen more of the life of the Court than of the "tented field," for he became Equerry to the late Duke of Clarence some eleven years ago, and a week or two after the Duke's death was appointed to the post of Equerry to the Prince of Wales. It says much for the Prince's kindness of heart that he allows himself to be deprived of the services of his immediate attendants, for, of course, the appointment of the Hon. Sidney Gréville, another of his Equerries, to succeed the Hon. Schomberg McDonnell as Private Secretary to the Prime



CAPT. G. L. HOLFORD, 1ST LIFE GUARDS,
WHO IS GOING TO "THE FRONT."

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Minister—though he retains his post of Equerry—must interfere with the discharge of his duties. It may be remembered that it was at Dorchester House, the residence of Captain Holford, that the Shahzada resided when in this country.

Sir William Thomson is another of the very able surgeons whose presence in South Africa means so much to the wounded soldier. Formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, the distinguished gentleman is now surgeon to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He is also a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, and Irish representative on the General Medical Council. He leaves for the Cape on the 20th of this month, and may good luck attend on all his efforts!

The volunteering of Lord Charlemont, C.B., for service in South Africa recalls the fact that his illustrious predecessor, the fourth Earl of Charlemont, commanded the famous Irish Volunteers over one hundred years ago. The present Lord Charlemont fought with the Coldstream Guards in the Crimea.

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens was the successful bidder the other day for a volume he had on more than one previous occasion endeavoured to secure. This was the copy of the Queen's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" gifted, as the inscription on the fly-leaf, in Her Majesty's handwriting, testifies, "To Charles Dickens, Esq., from Victoria, Reg., Buckingham Palace, March 9, 1870." The book was presented to the eminent novelist at the only audience he ever had, the Queen remarking that "the humblest" of writers would be ashamed to offer it to "one of the greatest." The little volume has had certain vicissitudes, for in November 1893 it was sold, along with other interesting Dickensiana, at Robinson and Fisher's, for thirty guineas, on which occasion also Mr. Henry Dickens was represented in the bidding. Mr. Dickens, the sixth son of the immortal "Boz," might have procured the volume for £40 a few months ago. He has actually paid £100 for it in the sale-room, and rightly thinks that the value of such an heirloom is not to be estimated by pounds sterling.

At a recent lecture before the Royal Institute of British Architects, considerable attention was devoted to the work of the British Fire Prevention Committee, which was founded some two years back by Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, the well-known architect. The constitution of this Committee, which has a membership of over five hundred professional men, was the outcome of the great Cripplegate fire, and, at a period like the present, when the Metropolis is having quite a sequence of important conflagrations, and we are constantly hearing of theatre-fires in the

provinces, the work of this body seems particularly apropos. We are constantly hearing of a so-called "fire-proof" structure being gutted, so that the term "fire-proof" is generally only alluded to with a smile. It is hence quite a boon for the country that Mr. Sachs should have managed to start an organisation which will really find out what that curious word "fire-proof" means, and, above all, discover where it may be truly applied.

The Fire Prevention Committee has its Testing Station, and every fortnight a number of important tests are undertaken with the various forms of building-construction materials, both patented and unpatented, which are in common use. Reports on these tests are issued from time to time, and highly instructive reading they are. Thanks to Mr. Sachs' efforts, we are now gradually learning the degrees of fire-resistance obtainable, and it was particularly pleasant to hear his good work lauded in the rooms of an institution which, by its seniority, takes a leading position in the architectural world. Perhaps it would, however, be pertinent to inquire why such good work, besides being lauded, is not also practically and financially supported by the R.I.B.A.

Elveden, near Thetford, where the Prince of Wales stayed last week with Lord Iveagh, is interesting as having been for many years the country seat of that Maharajah of the Punjab the late Dhuleep Singh, who in 1849 transferred his Indian possessions to the East India Company, and, receiving an annuity of £50,000, came to England, became a Christian, married a Christian, and at his Norfolk seat led the life of an English country-gentleman. His quarrel with the authorities towards the close of his life, and his defiance of the British Government, will doubtless be well remembered. Elveden is not a very large estate as estates go in England, but it was a splendid game-preserve, and the house was made extremely gorgeous by the late Maharajah. Lord Iveagh became its owner a few years ago, when, after nearly becoming the possessor of Savernake, the historic home of the Marquises of Ailesbury, he withdrew his offer for that magnificent estate in consequence of the inordinate delay in the settlement of the affairs of the late Marquis and the various claims in connection with them. Lord Iveagh has, I understand, made many improvements since he entered into possession of his property in Norfolk.

The Church of England in the Metropolis is losing one of its most popular, hard-working, and energetic members in the person of the Rev. Marshall Tweddell, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Paddington, who is exchanging into a country living, after thirty years' ministration in London. Since the Rev. Mr. Tweddell went to St. Saviour's, nearly twenty years ago,



SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF
SURGEONS IN IRELAND, WHO IS ABOUT TO PROCEED TO SOUTH
AFRICA AS CHIEF OF A SPECIAL HOSPITAL.

Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

he has made himself beloved, by rich and poor alike, by his honest work and his excellent common-sense. His Sunday afternoon "At Homes" for the men of his congregation, his work among the "London cabbies" of his neighbourhood, his restorations of and his additions to his church, his rebuilding of his excellent schools, and a score of other good and useful works, have endeared him to his immediate parishioners and to many outside their circle. I remember Mr. Tweddell, many years ago, a hard-working curate at St. James's, Piccadilly, and while in that capacity he was fortunate enough to meet the lady who has been such a true



LORD CHARLEMONT, C.B., WHO HAS
VOLUNTEERED FOR "THE FRONT."

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

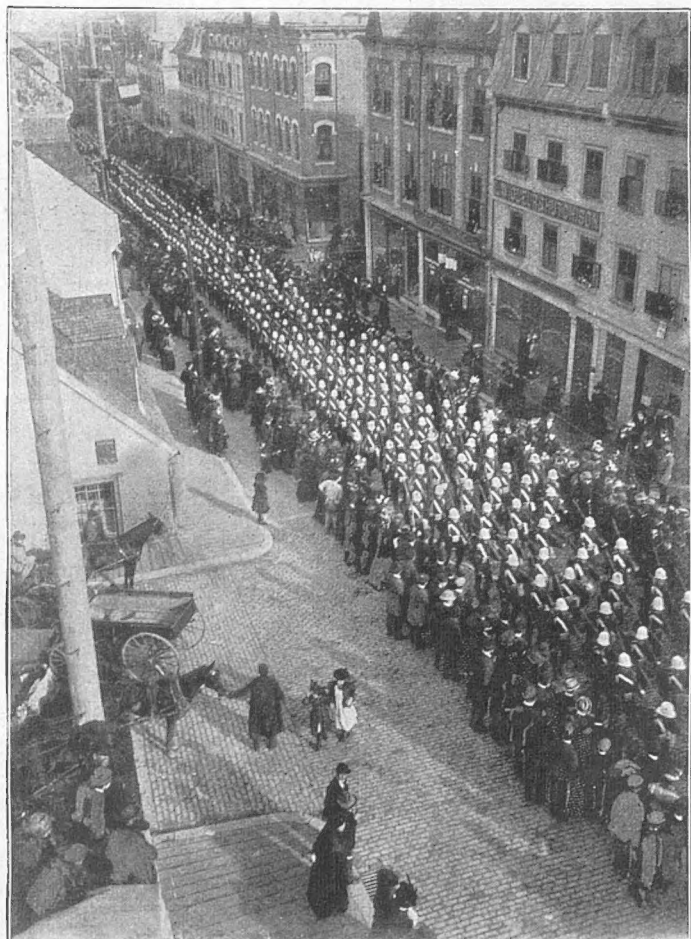
helpmate to him in all his undertakings, the younger daughter of the late Mr. Ruthven Pym, who was for many years a familiar figure in London Church work, who was great (in every sense) at functions at the Abbey and St. Paul's, and who was as prominent in Banking as he was in Church circles.

Oberammergau will be one of the points of attraction this summer, and challenge Paris and Bayreuth. The decennial Passion Play takes place, and the villagers are busy erecting houses to accommodate the thousands of visitors they expect, and making the preparations for the performance. Joseph Meyer has given up finally the part of Our Lord, for he is now about sixty, and, as neither paint nor powder is allowed, it would be impossible for him to impersonate a young man. He will, however, take the chief part in the chorus, where his imposing figure will be very ornamental. Amateur photographers will be interested to hear that cameras are strictly prohibited, and no one is allowed to take any snapshots. The sole right to take photographs is put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Last time, the lucky person was a Munich photographer, who will probably secure the rights again this year, for he must have found it a profitable investment.

Rome will be absolutely crammed during the next twelve months, for it is Holy Year, and five hundred thousand more pilgrims than usual are expected. The Government are occupying themselves with the different arrangements, and a conference will shortly be held by the principal railway companies, presided over by Signor La Cava, one of the Ministers, to try and facilitate the arrival of the numerous pilgrimages. Ten thousand pilgrims will come from the United States, in batches, conducted by their various bishops. No doubt there will be many English Catholics also.

A few years ago a large pilgrimage went from England headed by the Duke of Norfolk, who busied himself very much on the journey out in his usual kind-hearted way about their welfare. At every station he used to get out and go round to see if he could do anything for anyone. One old lady, who did not know him—and, indeed, the premier Duke does not bear the name of Howard stamped on his brow—when she arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, found great difficulty in getting a porter. So she seized on the Duke. "Now, my good man," she said, "I've noticed you at all these stations loafing about. Just make yourself useful for *once* in your life. Take my bag and find me a cab." The Duke mildly did as he was bid, and was rewarded with a sixpence. "Thank you, Madam," he said; "I shall prize this indeed! It is the first coin I have ever earned in my life."

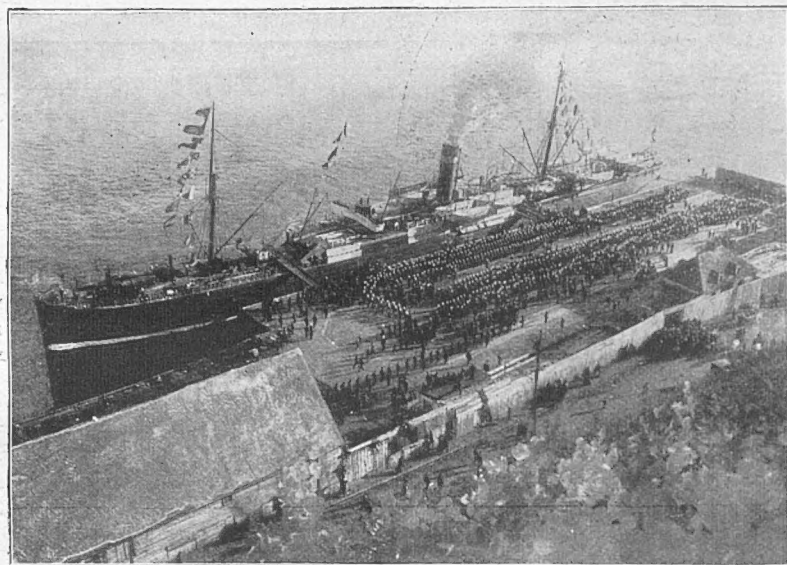
The Royal Choral Society gave Handel's glorious "Messiah" at the commencement of the New Year, and Sir Frederick Bridge, anxious to get a little nearer to the style of performance that would have satisfied the great composer, discarded the "additional accompaniments"



THE GALLANT CANADIAN CONTINGENT, WHICH DISTINGUISHED ITSELF AT DOUGLAS, MARCHING TO THE PLACE OF EMBARKATION.

Photo by Kennedy, Quebec.

of Mozart and others, and adopted a simpler method. It would be impossible to give an exact idea of the effects produced in Handel's day, owing to the great changes in modern instruments. The Albert Hall organ, for example, has probably three times the power of the organ



THE GALLANT CANADIAN CONTINGENT EMBARKING ON THE "SARDINIA" AT QUEBEC.

Photo by Kennedy, Quebec.

upon which Handel performed. The glorious oratorio was received with the greatest enthusiasm, especially the sublime "Hallelujah Chorus." The Royal Choral Society suffered, as many of us are doing, from the miserable weather, but the chief solos were given with fine effect. Miss Clara Butt, recently returned from her brilliant American tour, sang "He shall Feed His Flock" with noble expression and splendid tone, and her pathetic delivery of "He was Despised" left no auditor unmoved. Mr. Andrew Black in "Why do the Nations" was heard at his best. Mr. Lloyd Chandos sang the tenor music artistically, and Madame Albani gave a very brilliant version of "Rejoice Greatly."

Alliteration, with contrast of the topics, in the title "Pyramids and Progress," gives a promise of some piquancy, in the juxtaposition of subject-matter contents, to Mr. John Ward's handsome book of "Sketches from Egypt." This expectation is consistently fulfilled; but the author, who, both as a learned antiquary, with an unsurpassed collection of rare scarabs and medals, and as an amateur inspector of the great new public works up and down the Nile, deals earnestly and thoughtfully with all that he writes about, makes no frivolous attempt to excite mere amusement by mixing together passages in the history of mankind which stand three or four thousand years apart. That amazingly ancient and unaccountably powerful, wealthy, crafty, singularly civilised Egypt, as it was in its own fashion, of the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids long before Moses or Joseph lived, is the deadest of all human affairs within our knowledge, though we have now got some curious information about it. Mr. Ward, besides frequent, prolonged, and diligent personal examination of all its accessible monuments, sometimes in company with Professor Sayce, who furnishes an introductory chapter, has made an instructive compilation, in a style commendable for its concise simplicity, of the net results of Egyptological research. This, alone, is worthy of perusal for the combination in a general review of many diverse portions, separated by topography as well by an immense chronology, of the grand field of investigation.

To the reader not hitherto acquainted with the architectural and other remains of Ancient Egypt, the book may be safely recommended, and he will probably desire to learn more of that subject, which seems to be the author's modest and useful aim. The other and very different subject, that of recent "Progress" in Egypt, is lively and bustling enough, mainly in the departments of Nile River improvements, water-storage and irrigation, agricultural enterprise and industry, canal and railroad construction, and the better condition of the fellaheen, or native peasantry, under the direction of the able British official servants of the Khedive's Government since 1882; it occupies several chapters towards the end of this volume. Mr. Ward's last visit to Assouan for the inspection of the mighty engineering works of the Upper Nile reservoir dam was in March 1899, but some of the photographs which he reproduces were taken in July, so that his account, with the numerous illustrations, which are beautiful, is well up to date. The famous, lovely, romantic Isle of Philæ, with its graceful temples, and the notable cataract rapids in that vicinity, both doomed to submersion when the reservoir is finished, are described with regret tempered by the knowledge of much good to be done thereby among the toiling poor and patient humble folk who cultivate the fertile soil. Of similar philanthropic interest we find the account that Mr. Ward gives us of another beneficial engineering work, the Barrage at the head of the Delta below Cairo, and that of the restoration of the Fayoum district around Lake Moeris.

I have no hesitation in saying that my favourite paper (after *The Sketch*, of course) is the *Ladysmith Lyre*, the first number of which is reproduced in its entirety on this page. I have not seen any other numbers, but I mean to get hold of them by hook or by crook. Why? My dear sir, or madam, read the journal. The second sentence is worthy of the late Corney Grain or the present Dan Leno: "What you want in a besieged town . . . is news which you can absolutely rely on as false." And the division of news into True and False columns is a really brilliant idea.

It is a peculiar coincidence that no sooner is a cavalry regiment selected to go to South Africa, either from India or from home, than

THE LADYSMITH LYRE.

"Let him Lie."—Old Song.

Vol. I. No. 1.

27th NOVEMBER, 1899.

PRICE—6D.

PROSPECTUS:

The *Ladysmith Lyre* is published to supply a long felt want. What you want in a besieged town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false. The rumours that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false. In the collection and preparation of falsehoods we shall spare no effort and no expense. It is enough for us that *Ladysmith* wants stories; it shall have them.

It is possible, however, even in the best regulated newspaper that some truths may unavoidably creep in. To save our readers the trouble of picking them out, these will be published in a special column by themselves. This division of news, into true and false, is an entirely new departure in the history of the public press. Whatever you read in the space devoted to truth, you may believe. The rest of the *Ladysmith Lyre* you may believe, or not, as you like.

LATEST LYRES.

FROM OUR OWN DESPONDENTS.

(BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY).

London, November 5.

A shell from Long Tom burst in the War Office this afternoon. General Brackenbury, Director General of Ordnance, accepted its arrival with resignation. Several reputations were seriously damaged. Unfortunately the Ordnance Committee was not sitting. A splinter broke into the Foreign Office and disturbed the seats of the Prime Minister. Mr. A. J. Balfour has prepared a third edition of "Philosophic Doubt." The work contains a new chapter on the doubts entertained by the Cabinet as to the probabilities of war with the Transvaal. The First Lord of the Treasury has dedicated the edition to his uncle, Lord Salisbury.

The artillery intended for the campaign in South Africa will be despatched as soon as the necessary ammunition has been received from the German factories.

The Lord Mayor has appointed a Mansion House Committee for the relief of *Ladysmith*.

Mr. Michael Davitt, Dr. Tanner, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Swift McNeill have announced their intention of joining the Irish Brigade. The House of Commons, without demur, voted a grant in aid.

The Second Army Corps has been discovered in the pigeon holes of the War Office.

Omdurman, November 13.

The Khalifa has returned to his palace on the Nile. Lord Kitchener is at Fashoda. He is marching south to raise the siege of *Ladysmith*.

Paris, November 10.

Major Marchand has organised an expedition to the sources of the Klip River. It is rumoured that his object is to prevent the junction of the British forces north and south of the Tugela. The Government of the Republic has been warned that this will be regarded as "an unfriendly act."

The exhibition has been put off until the end of the 20th century in order that France may devote her energies to the subjugation of Great Britain.

Adis Adeb, November 2.

Menelik has declared war against France. He has appealed to Great Britain for assistance.

Later.

I am informed on the highest authority that Menelik has declared war against Great Britain, and has appealed to France for assistance.

Johannesburg, November 19.

Having learned through the medium of *The Standard and Diggers' News* that the Johannesburg commando are settled in *Ladysmith* with their wives and families, several hundred women left hurriedly for Natal this morning. New and interesting developments are anticipated.

St. Petersburg, November 20.

The Czar has issued invitations to another Peace Conference. Pretoria is mentioned as the probable meeting place. President Kruger has intimated that the South African Republic will not be represented.

Vienna, April 1.

News has reached here from a reliable source that Lord Salisbury has agreed to the terms of peace proposed by President Kruger—the surrender of that part of Natal now occupied by the Boers.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Clery has withdrawn his relieving column to the Mooi River. Maritzburg is almost deserted. Joubert has gone south with the greater part of his force.

General Buller is at Cape Town. General French is not at Dundee. Through cable rates from *Ladysmith* to London have been reduced to 3d. per word. The Town Guard are undermining Umbulwani. They propose to blow up the enemy's guns with cyanide of potassium.

The resident magistrate at Intombi Camp has sent for his horses. He is deeply touched by the reception given to his sackful of letters and despatches.

Mr. Schalk Burger has sent a protest against the Red Cross flag on the hospital at the Town Hall. He has since emphasised the protest by shelling the flag.

General Joubert has been invited to dismantle the forts on Popworth and Umbulwani, and to send in as prisoners the gunners who hoisted the white flag over Long Tom and his brother Puffing Billy, in order that they may load and lay the guns in safety.

Mr. Kruger, whose health is excellent, complains that the President is becoming too English. He no longer goes to bed in hat and boots.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS!

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS!!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

Do you want a Christmas pudding? You will! This is how you can get it. This prize will be given for.

THE MOST MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

from the shell fire of the enemy between the dates of November 2 and December 20. The competition will close on December 21st at 12 noon.

So if you want a Christmas pudding delay no longer. Go out and have a miraculous escape and send a description of it to

The Editor of the *Ladysmith Lyre*,
c/o the Manager of the *Ladysmith Lyre*,
c/o Mrs. Haydon,
Main Street,
Near 21st Street, F.S.,
Ladysmith.

THE LADYSMITH LYRE, 27th NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE WAR OF KINGS.

Mahabir Thapa is an expert in war. From his infancy he has engaged in the destruction of mankind. At his mother's breast he strangled his twin brother. Before he was strapped down to Gorakhpur to enlist as a "rifleman" of the *Kampani Bahadur* he had survived four divorce cases; and every one knows a Gurkha co-responder must be well versed in war, thus to clear his character. I first saw Mahabir in the Swat Valley. He was a little scrap of a Havildar in the IV. Gushka and was standing outside his Colonel's tent, picking the beard hairs out of a ghastly trophy in beads. On the previous evening the Colonel had offered three rupees to the man who would effectually silence a "sniper" who had pitched martini bullets into the camp with persistent monotony. Mahabir had earned the three rupees and had brought in the Pathan's head as a proof of good faith. The next time that he tumbled across my path, I found him a smartly turned out Jemadar, attached to the Gurkha scouts. In this service he had ample opportunity of improving his knowledge of war. Therefore, when to my surprise I found him in *Ladysmith*, masquerading as a dooley-bearer, I appealed to him for an expert opinion.

"What do you think of it, Sirdar?"
"Sahib, I have seen many wars, but this is before all wars—this is the war of Kings.—Cannon on this side, cannon on that side, was there ever such a war. Surely this is *Badshahi ke larai*."
"Come along, Sirdar, come to my room and we will talk it over."

I took him to my quarters and placed a mauser carbine, and a brandy, in his hands.

"What do you think of this, Sirdar?" He turned the weapon over half a dozen times, tried the breech action, pressed down the magazine spring, and then threw the rifle on the bed. "Sahib, it is good, but the war is bad. This war is like a Shikar party given by Jung Bahadur, a State shikar party. Here are elephants, armies of beaters, tents, food in plenty, music, fireworks, and *nautes*; but no kills except such game as the keepers had orders to slay over night and had strewn in the path of the elephants, that the guests might be pleased. Even, as this, is this war. It is the war of Kings, not of men. When men go forth to war, or sport, they gird up their loins, pack food on their backs, and make no noise. The less noise the more war."

"Then do you approve of this show?"
"Sahib, it is magnificent, a great game, men watch for the smoke of the guns, then run into holes and laugh and clap their hands. There they sit in safety, counting the loss and gain with a thousand rupees in the mouth of each gun. Why spend this money and do no good? If we run to holes, will not the *dushman* do likewise, will he not laugh and also clap his hands? For one hundred rupees will a Gurkha serve the *Sirdar* for a year. If you had the services of one Gurkha for one year, for every round that you have fired during the last month, you would now stand possessed of every gun in the world. With Lucas Sahib, and Bruce Sahib, and fifty men from my *paltan*, the General Sahib, would in one week, have in his verandah, such a pile of breech-blocks, that the doors would not open, and we should have painted them all red to prevent rust."

"But this is a white man's war."
Mahabir Thapa put down his glass slowly. His eyes clearly said "Thank God for that;" but his answer was "I cannot understand; it is the war of Kings, I am but a man!"

How could he understand? What did he know of Staff College strategy, and modern tactics? Military history, depression range-finders, telescopic sights, and chess-board calculations, meant nothing to the man, who, given half a company of little heathens in grass shoes, was prepared to dismantle the whole of the Artillery of the South African Republic.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PERSONAL.

Pict.—Return home at once. Everything for given.—Paul.

If General Erasmus, or any duly authorised substitute, will call at Helpmakers Hill (or Caesar's Camp, or Observation Hill, or Benge Post, or Wagon Hill, or anywhere I could see him) at any time between the hours of 12.1 a.m. and 12 midnight, he will hear of something to his disadvantage.—T. Atkins

BILLIARDS—CHALLENGE.

We, the undersigned, challenge any two in the R.N. or R.A. to play a game of shell-out on any day or night (Sundays excepted) for 60 dozen of whisky; more or less.

Stakes to be deposited on the Race-course under a guard of blue ribbons, if a sufficient number for the purpose can be found in the combined armies.
(Signed) L. Tom.
P. Billy.

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

New edition just published revised, and enlarged: "Minor Tactics"—By Major-General Sir F. Clery, &c., with an appendix, on the function and management of armoured trains.

"Deep Level Mining and the Mineral Riches of *Ladysmith*"—By the Saddler-Sergeant of the I.L.H. "Ladysmith Revisited"—A volume of poems, by Silent Susan (shortly).

"From Park Lane to Pretoria"—By Winston L. Spencer Churchill (in preparation)
NEW GUIDE BOOKS.

"A Handy Guide to *Ladysmith*"—By 2nd-Lieut. Hooper, 6th Lancers (ready).
"Natal by Road and Rail"—By Commandant Schiel.

EXCHANGE AND MART

The Advertisement Editor will be glad to exchange several thousand words descriptive of the battle of Lombard's Kop, for sufficient chloride of potash to give the field service side of his horse "Kruger" a fresh coat of khaki-colour for Christmas.

To Collectors.—A gentleman who is giving up shell-collecting, desires to exchange his rare and valuable specimens—including perfect examples of Long Tom, Pom-pom, &c., &c.—for stamps bearing the *Ladysmith* post-mark with any date between November 5th, 1899, and April 1st, 1900.

Try Joubert's Hair Curlers. Hundreds of testimonials from the manager of the Royal Hotel, Mr. Carter, prominent surgeons and others.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The *Ladysmith Lyre* will appear every now and then. Contributions to the *Ladysmith Lyre* may be sent to "The Editor, c/o P. Kruger, Esq., Pretoria," and should be marked "To await arrival." They should be accompanied by the names and addresses of the writers, not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith. Accepted contributions will be paid for at the rate of £10 per 100 words, or portion thereof, over the first hundred, which will be accepted gratis. No contribution will be accepted which exceeds 100 words.

The *Ladysmith Lyre* can be obtained of all news-vendors and railway bookstalls within the perimeter of *Ladysmith*, and at the principal kiosques.

The profits, if any, of the *Ladysmith Lyre* will be devoted to the restoration of all churches, convents, hospitals, drinking bars, and other public buildings, injured during the bombardment of the town.

TRUE NEWS.

[Up to the time of going to press.]

influenza or some other complaint almost invariably breaks out among the horses. In one instance, by a curious muddle, the disease was mixed up with South African horse-sickness, and people wrote to the papers showing, or trying to show, that it arose from the horses eating a poisonous plant on the veldt, when, as a matter of fact, the regiment had not left England. The 5th Dragoon Guards from India were the first sufferers. Then came the 10th Hussars, the Scots Greys, and one or two other regiments going out from England. The Artillery horses on that unfortunate *Manchester Corporation*, which was delayed at Gibraltar with a damaged propeller, then developed influenza; and the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, detailed to form part of the new Cavalry Brigade, have been delayed from the same cause, their place being taken by the 16th (Queen's) Lancers from India.

The only Lancer regiment not at the Seat of War will be the youngest of the six, the 21st Empress of India's—the "Omdurman Heroes"—who arrived home from Egypt but a few weeks ago, and are

later, inspire the "Queen's" to emulate their predecessors who won the title for the regiment of "Queen's Light Dragoons."

"Most of the soldiers at the front will soon be sailors," says an Ir-shin-n. Suggested Yellow-paper head-lines for the next battle—

BRILLIANT NAVAL VICTORY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

HEARTS OF OAK.

BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

INTO THE AIR.

A DIRTY NIGHT.

IN A BOER FARMHOUSE.

POWERFUL'S FORRUDD GUN OUT OF ACTION.

EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.

GETTING TO WIND'ARD OF PAUL.

Exaggeration? Nonsense! The *North China Herald* describes vividly the sinking of forty-six British cruisers and gun-vessels in the Transvaal.

Everyone is extending a great deal of hearty sympathy to Sir Howard Vincent, who has now, as all the world knows, failed to pass the doctor. With undiminished pluck, however, he has carried out his original intention of starting for South Africa on the *Carisbrooke Castle*, and those who have had the good-fortune to be associated with him in any kind of organising work cannot doubt that his presence will be invaluable to the regiment which he hoped to command. A good deal

who is just three-and-twenty. At the present moment it is interesting to recall the fact that Lord Rothschild is among the Transvaal Government's heaviest creditors, for, some years ago, the great banking house lent the Republic several million sterling.

Lord Lovat, to whom the excellent idea of raising a corps of a hundred and fifty gillies and deer-stalkers is due, is a great personage in the Scotch Roman Catholic world. The Frasers have always been a fighting race, as is shown by their significant motto, "I am ready." Although he is by no means well off, Lord Lovat is a great matrimonial *parti*. He is the sixteenth holder of his fine old title. He is nine-and-twenty, and, though a devoted Churchman, is an enthusiastic Scot—indeed, he is one of the few modern peers who are never so happy as when actually living on their ancestral estate. He was for a while in the 1st Life Guards, but he soon found that he preferred the Cameron Highlanders. His brother and heir, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, is in the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards. Through his mother, who was a Weld Blundell, Lord Lovat is connected with all the old English Roman Catholic nobility. There can be little doubt that Lord Lovat's corps will be of exceptional service, for those Highland peasants who have been brought up on the great sporting estates are many of them of iron constitution and first-rate shots and riders—indeed, it is very probable that their mere appearance will strike terror in the hearts of their opponents. Each man will be mounted on the kind of horse or

pony to which he has been accustomed at home. The idea has been welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm all through the Highlands, and it is said that when Lord Lovat makes his final start there will be scarcely a sporting estate of any note that will not be represented.

The Guildhall has ever been associated with the great patriotic movements of the nation, and the most brilliant of State ceremonies have taken place within its stately hall. But it is doubtful whether in the memory of anyone now living a more impressive scene has been witnessed in that historic building than that occasioned by the present unanimous uprising of the nation in defence of their country. The members of the City Regiment have marched through the streets, where they received the hearty applause of the crowd along the route, to the Great Hall, where, amid surroundings which could not fail to make them realise the gravity of the step they were taking, they were duly



THE 1ST BATTALION ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT CAPE TOWN.

of interest has been aroused by the lately issued War Office regulations for Volunteers, and it is considered significant that every Volunteer must enlist for one year or for the war. Every man will receive, from the date of enlistment, pay and the allowances of his rank as a regular infantry soldier; rations and his clothes will be included. It is rather amusing to notice that abroad the word "Volunteer" is not in the least understood. Till comparatively lately, *Volontaire* meant to the French bourgeois a young man of birth and education who had bought, for the sum of £60, the right to serve only one year in the ranks. This term of service was known as the *Volontariat*, and though they were nominally on exactly the same level as ordinary soldiers, they were, as a fact, treated very differently, and it need hardly be said that no Volunteer was ever sent on foreign service. In Germany, as all the world knows, the Army service is a grim, compulsory matter, not, indeed, to be trifled with, but, as regards the lower classes, to be evaded in every way possible. Consequently, it is very difficult to make the most highly educated German understand even the theory of our admirable Volunteer organisation.

As always, the Rothschild family are showing themselves peculiarly zealous and generous, not only in the matter of contributing to the various War Funds, but in assisting as far as lies in their power the Yeomanry Corps. Lord Rothschild, as his share, is said to have given £25,000 towards the Yeomanry transport, and his eldest son, Mr. Walter Rothschild, was one of the first who volunteered, a little, it may be whispered, to his friends' surprise, for the heir to our wealthiest peerage was supposed to be possessed rather of literary and scientific tastes than of martial ardour. Mr. Rothschild seems, however, to have inherited a good deal of the all-round power of his family. He is a popular and hard-working Member of Parliament, he is believed to not only possess but to have brought together the best private "Zoo" in the kingdom, and last, not least, he has now belonged for some years to the Royal Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry. Lord Rothschild has only one other son, the Hon. Nathaniel Charles,



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS LANDING AT CAPE TOWN.

sworn-in to serve "Her Majesty, her heirs and successors," until the end of the war.

The Hall was a splendid sight, one to be long remembered, during the ceremony. Red coats, grey coats, coats of drab and green, faced the long table at the west end of the Hall, at which were seated the Lord Mayor and the civic dignitaries, and amid a tramp of feet the Oath of Allegiance was administered and the Queen's shilling given to the plucky Volunteers who will shortly proceed to the Seat of War.

There is something very solemn and very grand in the sight of all those citizen soldiers who have mustered for active service at their country's call. And it must be regarded as the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the Volunteers, which will secure for the men who have been so long snubbed and treated with a sort of lenient pity the respect they deserve. On every face there was a look of pride and expectation, as though the men were saying in their hearts, "At last the time has come for us to show that we are not mere make-believe soldiers! At last justice has been done us!"

A photo on this page shows the chargers of General Buller and his Staff exercising on the St. Paul's Wharf, Durban, after landing from the steamship *Mohawk*, and previous to their being entrained up-country. This photograph was taken on Sunday, Oct. 26, General Buller having arrived and landed the evening previous. The two chargers on the left of the picture (being groomed) are those of Sir Redvers Buller himself.

Here is a draft of Bluejackets and Marines leaving *en route* for Kimberley, under the command of Commander De Hoorsey, of the



BLUEJACKETS GOING TO THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.

Photo by W. S. Gillard, Simon's Town

Monarch, to replace those of the Naval Brigade killed and wounded at the battles of Belmont and Gras Pan. The drum seems to play a prominent part, but the rifles are ready for a snap at the nearest Boer.

I much regret that "O. O.," in his last week's "Literary Lounger" column, happened to use the term "failure" in connection with the firm of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, as it is just possible that the word might convey a wrong impression to people very much out of the know. As a matter of fact, "O. O." wished to emphasise the fact that fresh blood is an advantage even in the oldest-established firms.

The correspondent who forwarded me the photo here reproduced of an armoured train writes as follows—

Having received special permission to go as volunteer surgeon with the force in the armoured train, a brush with the enemy being fully expected, at 7 a.m. on Friday morning last we left Molteno Station. A good look-out was kept until we arrived at Stormberg, where we waited some time. About 8.30 a.m., being warned by plate-layers that a bridge some miles on had been tampered with, our "little fortress" moved slowly out of the station and along the line towards Burghersdorp. We had orders not to go far, so we halted at two miles from the station; it was there I took the snapshot. Nothing was seen of the enemy, greatly to our disappointment, unless a few unarmed Boers riding away in the distance were belonging to their outposts. I know now that an armed patrol of the enemy, a dozen strong, was at that time only a few miles to our front, coming along the main road from Burghersdorp. This information I received from a deserter who arrived in Molteno the same evening. His story is interesting, and, as I knew the man well when I practised in Smithfield, Orange Free State, some ten years ago, I can vouch for his accuracy: "I am an Englishman, and have lived for twenty-five years in the Free State, the greater part of the time at Smithfield. The greater number of the burghers were against the war, and never wished for closer union with the Transvaal, but they are all in a state of dread as to what their Government (with a big 'G') can do to them. They fear the Government now as much as they used to fear the Church. At any rate, when war was imminent, we were all ordered to present ourselves at the Market-place, each man fully equipped with horse, rifle, and thirty rounds of ammunition, as well as with sufficient food for eight days. At the end of that time the Government supplied food for thirty days to each man. Those who did not go to the field had horses, food, &c., commandeered from them. We went into laager on the Free State side of the

river (Orange), near Bethulie, and were joined there by various commandos. We numbered about five hundred strong, and had one 7-pounder and one Maxim. The men varied in ages from sixteen years up to sixty years. As many were armed with Martinis as with Mausers. One of our Rand members made a speech to us, and said that as soon as we crossed the bridge (Bethulie) we should



THE CHARGERS OF GENERAL BULLER AND HIS STAFF EXERCISING ON THE ST. PAUL'S WHARF, DURBAN.

be joined by three thousand Colonial Boers, and be supplied by them with food and waggons of forage. At last we crossed the river, and up to the time I left no Colonial Boers actually joined us, and we saw no sign of the forage-waggons. The Boers of the Colony often visited us, and were friendly with us. A few nights before I left, we were officially told in the camp that Ladismith had fallen, two thousand British soldiers were slain, and all the rest were prisoners. We heard of no Boer disasters with the exception of the cutting-up of the German corps. A man came into our camp one day and said he had seen the Lancers charge four times through the corps, and at the fourth charge the Germans surrendered. He said they lost six hundred killed. The sight was an awful one. One poor woman found her husband lying among the slain. The burghers were disgusted that Mafeking had not yet been taken. They heard that Cronjé said he had 'attacked fourteen times, and had as many times been repulsed, and that when he met Baden-Powell he would shake hands with him for a gentleman.' I lately heard nothing said about Mafeking; it was a sore subject. We were constantly told of the great successes of the Boer arms, and how the British were being gradually driven into the sea. As far as I could see, we had no definite object in view when we invaded the Colony. We were told to pay for everything we wanted, and to harm neither person nor property. I believe there are now 1200 Boers this side the river. The difficulty in maintaining discipline is very great. Nearly every man is a 'baas.' The night before I left, the Commandant wanted to send out a party of 150 men. It took him two hours to get them together, because when the burghers heard of it they 'stuck themselves away,' not wanting to be sent. He has no list of names, and no method. I escaped in this manner: On Friday morning (17th inst.) I was sent out on patrol towards Stormberg, with eleven burghers under me. About six miles from the Junction we off-saddled and let our horses feed. After waiting some time, we got our horses in and commenced saddling-up. My horse was some distance away, so I told the men to ride back towards Burghersdorp, and I would overtake them, as my horse was a good one. When they were about a mile away, I rode off towards Molteno as hard as I could. I hid my Mauser rifle and cartridges in a kopje to lighten the weight on my horse. If I were retaken by the burghers, I do not think they would shoot me, but would imprison me in Bloemfontein, as they have done others. I am delighted to be under the British flag again." It will be seen from this that the Free State Boers are to be pitied, inasmuch as they



ARMOURD TRAIN AT NEAREST POINT TO HOSTILE LINES, LOOKING TOWARDS BURGHERSDORP.

The figures outside are Lieutenant Gossett (commanding the Berks contingent) and Lieutenant Rose-Innes, of the Kaffrarian Rifle Volunteers. Perhaps some reader may know which is which.

have been in a measure forced into this war by their Government, that same Government being firmly held in hand by an ambitious and would-be autocrat—President Steyn. They (the burghers) are also buoyed up by misrepresented successes and false hopes.

The distinguished surgeon, Sir James Paget (whose death has recently occurred), was the first baronet. He was born in 1814, and thus at the time of his decease was in his eighty-seventh year. Trained at "Bart's" (as St. Bartholomew's Hospital is familiarly known among the medical confraternity), the future eminent surgeon commenced to practise so long ago as 1837. Just forty years later he was appointed "Sergeant-Surgeon" to the Queen, and before this had been Surgeon to the Prince of Wales. The late Sir James was a man of vast intellectual attainments, and was a member of half the learned societies in existence. As a surgeon he enjoyed at one time a reputation that was second to none, and his knowledge of the whole subject was exceedingly profound. Two books from his pen, "Lectures on Surgical Pathology" and "Records of Harvey," are considered standard works to this day. Among the positions which he occupied during his long and useful career in the World of Medicine were those of President of the College of Surgeons and Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

The anticipations expressed some weeks ago in these columns respecting the season on the French Riviera are in the way of realisation. Though the season is young, there are very many complaints from shop- and hotel-keepers, and several towns are sending official statements to the London Press to say that the reports about incivility to the English are not true, and that there is no ground for uneasiness on this score. This is probably true; it would be unfair to judge any town by the absurd manifestations of a few unruly citizens. The real cause of the depression is probably due to the Queen's choice of Bordighera for her winter holiday. Hundreds and thousands of loyal English folk follow the Queen, and are better pleased with the environs of some town she has favoured than with the choicest spot elsewhere. Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo will not do badly; the first is a very kingdom of villas and châteaux, the second is the Mecca of the Clubman, the last is the Paradise of the punter. The smaller towns with no special attractions will be the ones to suffer, while, of the three large ones named above, Nice must improve her manners and her sanitation if she would attract visitors in sufficient quantity to please the natives. And it would be as well to suppress that very Anglophobe sheet, the *Petit Niçois*.

There is not much to be said about the New Year Honours. Sir John Lubbock has become a national institution, and long may he remain so under another name! Even if the Bank Holiday is a dubious advantage to many, it undoubtedly benefits those whom Sir John had in mind—that is, the hard-worked bank-clerks. Few men who succeeded early in life to a fine fortune and a baronetcy would have worked as the newest of our peers has worked. He is, I believe, especially proud of having invented and really instituted the clearing-house system—at once the envy and the despair of Continental bankers. Without going so far as the young lady who declared that "No wonder dear Sir John enjoys the pleasures of life and says virtue is its own reward, since he is so kind as to bring all his old aunts up to town every Season," there is little doubt that to the ordinary man in the street there is something incongruous in the thought of a great banker devoting his spare moments to the earnest study of an insect. To this critic may be commended the perusal of that delightful book, "Ants, Bees, and Wasps."

As for the other new peer, those who have the privilege of his acquaintance are well aware that, had he not been the son of an exceptionally brilliant father, the world would long ago have known more of his exceptional capabilities. It is the fate of the diplomat to bloom unseen, but Sir Stafford, following an illustrious example, has—

Done many things in many lands,
And done them very well.

Twenty-six years ago he married the adopted daughter of Lord Mount-Stephen, an exceptionally clever and charming woman.

Of the new knights—for of baronets there are none—the most notable, if comparatively unknown to London fame, are Mr. William Doxford, the great Sunderland shipbuilder, one of those groups of workers to whom the British Empire owes so much, and Mr. Walter Thorburn, the man on whom reposes the far-famed Peebles woollen manufacture. Both

these gentlemen are hard-working Members of Parliament, and they will be heartily congratulated by their colleagues at St. Stephen's.

The famous tenor, M. Jean de Reszke, has often wished to appear in operas which managers were not inclined to produce. At the back of his house in the Rue Faisanderie, Paris, where this celebrated vocalist intends to spend the winter, M. de Reszke has, like Madame Patti, had a pretty stage erected, and there he intends to perform various characters in opera never seen upon the regular stage. When any one of these makes an unusually good impression upon his friends, M. de Reszke intends to invite the obdurate managers, and thus he hopes to get out of the beaten track of the lyric drama. Some of the parts he proposes to appear in will rather surprise our present-day operative managers. One of them is Edgardo in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," which M. Jean de Reszke declares should be treated dramatically, and not in the namby-pamby, sentimental manner hitherto in vogue. I shall be curious to see the result of M. de Reszke's experiments. If the great tenor has his way, we may see some unexpected revivals.

Some statements having been made as to the Diving Horses at the Crystal Palace being forced to perform the feat, the directors contradict the assertion emphatically, and intend to make such alterations in the Noah's Ark, from which the leap is made, as to permit visitors to see that the action of the horses is entirely voluntary.

At this season of the year, Henri Rochefort may usually be seen in Monte Carlo, and his presence in the Salle de Jeu creates interest not always unmixed with audible comment of a distinctly uncomplimentary nature. People say that the *Intransigeant* is in receipt of a subsidy from the Secret Service Fund, which is now administered by the Prince of Monaco, and not by the Administration. This fund amounts to one million francs per annum, and is distributed with great care and skill over a number of important papers—important, I should say, from the point of view of the Administration. Though Henri Rochefort's paper takes its share of this subsidy, it is possible that the notorious gentleman himself is still out of pocket from his connection with the tables, for he is one of the many who have discovered an infallible system for making money at roulette. He made the discovery some years ago, when he was a fugitive from France and was enjoying the hospitality of the country he abuses every day of his life. The story is a short one, and worth telling.

Rochefort found time hanging heavily on his hands, and in an idle moment discovered his system. He had a small board in his own house in London, and studied combinations and figures until, on paper, he had

squared the magic circle and learned the secret of the flying marble. When he was allowed to return to France and had put his house in order, he went down South. Once in the Salle de Jeu, he began the game that had given him so many sleepless hours, starting on a small scale and adhering rigidly to the set plan. Fortune awaited him, and, if the croupiers laughed in their sleeve, he could afford to be good-natured. At least, he thought so, until the result of the first fortnight's steady play showed a loss of nearly £100 a-day. Since that fatal year I have often seen Rochefort looking at the tables—I have not seen him joining in the game. He watches foolish people, and takes his share of the subsidy they contribute. In his generation the Editor of the *Intransigeant* has become a wise man.

Gaieties have been going on in spite of the war. Mrs. F. Sharp's Café Chantant was crowded, and all the Royalties bought copies of "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Miss Jingoe's marriage with Captain Lord Lyddite was very smart, as he is a "Duke's son." Sir Arthur Sullivan rendered "The Absent-Minded Beggar" beautifully on the organ. The bridegroom is going to Table Bay in H.M.S. *Gentleman in Khaki*, but who's to look after the girl? First-night of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," the side-splitting Christmas pantomime, and subsequent collection for some fund or funds unknown were pronounced successes. The Hon. Mrs. "Bill" Poster's fancy-dress ball in aid of the suffering families was so crammed that several pounds will be left for the charity after expenses are paid.



THE LATE SIR JAMES PAGET.
Photo by Burraud, Oxford Street, W.

ROUND THE PANTOMIMES: THEATRICAL FAIRIES OF YULETIDE.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" IN "PUSS IN BOOTS,"
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.
Photo by Morrison, Chicago.



MISS ALICE PIERCE, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS MINNIE JEFFS, "PRINCIPAL BOY" IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD,"
AT THE CORONET THEATRE, NOTTING HILL.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS CHRISTINE MAGILL, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" IN "CINDERELLA,"
AT THE GRAND THEATRE, FULHAM.
Photo by Blomfield, Hastings.

THE RAISING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.

The raising of this corps in Cape Town by Captain C. H. Vithers, of the "Blues," is undoubtedly a striking example of what can be done by a few energetic officers if a free hand is given. A week or two ago the office was opened for names, and within a few days five hundred men were encamped at Rosebank, near Cape Town, with about 250 horses. Within about a week the first squadron was sent to "the front" fully equipped and horsed, each man with three hundred rounds of ammunition and seven days' rations. It must certainly have been disappointing to Captain Vithers to find that he was not considered senior enough to command his Horse. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. T. H. Byng, of the 10th Hussars, was selected. The officers who assisted in raising the corps were Captain Scott-Harden, late 20th Regiment, and Captain Keith-Fraser, 1st Life Guards. The former is now in charge of the transport, and Captain Fraser acts as Adjutant. Captain French, a nephew of the Cavalry leader, is in charge of the Maxim-guns, which are mounted on Dundonald galloping-carriages, and General Gatacre's son commands "A" Squadron. The regiment was recruited from an excellent class of Colonials—men who speak both Dutch and Kaffir, and who know the



CAPTAIN SCOTT-HARDEN, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.

country well from the Orange River to Bulawayo. The greatest difficulty was found in organising the transport and in getting sufficient good horses in such a short time. Colonel Baden-Powell found his work very much easier, as the Ordnance Stores were full of everything required for a cavalry regiment, whereas during the last few weeks a tremendous strain has been put on the Ordnance people, owing to the number of regiments arriving from home, India, and the Colonies, all wanting articles before proceeding North. It is almost impossible to get a good horse under £26 within a radius of thirty miles of Cape Town, and carts are at a premium. Consequently, journeys have been made all over the country in order to get the regiment ready. When General Buller and Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker visited the camp just before the first squadron entrained, they expressed great satisfaction with everything, and praised the officers who had worked morning and night to get their corps ready for "the front."

Lord Harris's little band of East Kent Yeomanry joined the regiment, and a few Mounted Infantry Volunteers from Stellenbosch have also been attached. The South African Light Horse wear a khaki uniform, with a hat like that of the New South Wales Lancers. Two squadrons unfortunately have grey horses. The men and officers are armed with rifles (Lee-Metford), and wear bandoliers, so there is no distinction. Altogether, they are a most useful body of men, and when Sir Redvers Buller addressed them the other day, before they went off, he said, "You will be among the first into Pretoria." Many wear two ribbons, and the majority have seen service in Matabeleland, while quite fifty were with Jameson in the Raid, including the Second in Command.

TELEPHOTOGRAPHY AND THE WAR.

Among the many appliances now being tried in warfare for the first time—that is to say, in warfare between white men—the telephotographic camera is not the least important.

Telephotography was first used in actual warfare in the Chino-Japanese War—needless to say, on the side of the Japanese. It may,



WILD RABBIT.

Taken by Mr. R. B. Lodge, Enfield, with Telephoto Lens: distance, 20 feet; exposure, $\frac{1}{8}$ second

perhaps, be well to explain briefly what telephotography is. It is sometimes thought to be the taking of photographs by means of an apparatus combining a telescope with an ordinary camera. In fact, ideas are rather hazy in this respect, and the writer overheard the following reply to a question brought about by a recent paragraph in a newspaper: "Bill, what's them telephoto machines?" Answer: "Well, you takes a camera, and you takes a telescope; you sticks one eye to the camera, t'other to the telescope; you then turns an'andle, and yer gets a picture of what yer sees with your eye to the telescope. Wonderful, ain't it?"

The tele- or far-photographic action is, however, not brought about by a telescope proper, but by a specially designed lens, the invention of Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer (head of the well-known firm of opticians), being used in combination with various ordinary forms of lenses according to the work to be done. Telephotographic lenses can be used with any good camera; but, as great rigidity of apparatus and extremely accurate focussing are essential—indeed, a *sine qua non*—the inventor of this lens has also designed a special form of camera particularly useful for naturalists and others wishing to photograph living or inanimate objects at great distances.

Remarkable studies of bird and animal life have been taken, owing to the possibility of taking photographs at such distances as not to disturb the living object in its natural habits. Photographs of sea-fowl nesting in the most inaccessible spots have thus been secured, and recently an osprey was caught (after four hours' watching waist-deep in water) in the act of poisoning on its nest. Telephotography is also very useful for landscape work, especially for distant mountain-views, and for obtaining details in architectural subjects.

Its advantages for military purposes are great, and, particularly in Italy, much work has been done in this direction. An idea of its value will be given by the photographs printed. It will be seen that it is possible to take accurate pictures, clearly showing the enemy's position, numbers, the character of the defences, position of guns, &c., and this, it should be noted, at a distance of two or three miles if the atmosphere and other circumstances are favourable.

For balloon work it is especially suitable, as drawing a plan anything like accurate in a swaying balloon is beyond the powers of the cleverest draughtsman, whilst even the best-trained eyes cannot retain the exact details of a position hastily viewed. In addition, the camera will often reveal points quite overlooked by the eye, a good instance of which was seen the other day in the United States. A cinématographe had been



KITTIWAKE ON NEST.

Taken by Mr. R. B. Lodge, Enfield, with Telephoto Lens: distance, 20 feet; exposure, $\frac{1}{8}$ second.

taken of the rapids at Niagara; when, in the evening, this was thrown on to a screen, the spectators were surprised to see a body being tossed about in the waters, which had not been noticed at the time of taking the photograph. On a subsequent search being made, the body was duly found. The twentieth part of a second will suffice to secure an accurate picture of what it would take an artist with the pencil an hour to draw.

BACHELOR GENERALS.

Someone has lately been calling attention to the number of unmarried Generals in the British Army. Lord Kitchener is one of the long list now serving in South Africa. General Gatacre, Sir Archibald Hunter, and General Macdonald also are bachelors. On the other hand, it may



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A FORT, TAKEN FROM A BALLOON, AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 1000 YARDS, BY CAPTAIN MARIO MORIS.

In Italy, Spain, Russia, and Germany telephotography has been officially adopted. Our own War Office, as usual, lags behind, but several of Mr. Dallmeyer's specially fitted cameras have been taken to "the front" privately, and it is to be hoped that someone will secure an "instantaneous" of the Boers in their favourite white-flag treachery act.

be noted that General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who succeeded Sir William Butler at the Cape, is married to one of the prettiest women in military society, who is herself the daughter of a very distinguished soldier. Unfortunately, owing to the war, Lady Forestier-Walker's remarkable social gifts are to a certain extent thrown away just now.



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF AN ENCAMPMENT, TAKEN FROM A BALLOON, AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 900 YARDS, BY CAPTAIN MARIO MORIS.

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE REPRODUCED FROM THE BOOK PUBLISHED BY MR. W. HEINEMANN.

MORE VICTIMS OF THE WAR.

Once more the fortunes of war in South Africa seem to incline in favour of the British Forces, and one may well hope that the long lists of killed and wounded officers and men will soon become sad memories of the past, and that the brighter future which is surely in store for South Africa will in some part make amends for the sorrow and suffering so widespread both in this country and the Colonies. But at present one can only record the names and give the presentments of those who have met with a glorious death or been grievously wounded in the fight for Queen and Country.

Major John Francis William Charley was fatally wounded at the Battle of Colenso, and died soon after the engagement. Born in May 1857, he was forty-two at the time of his death, and had seen nearly twenty-two years' service with his regiment, the old 27th Foot, now the 1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He was the eldest son and heir of the late Mr. John Stoupe Charley, J.P., of Finaghy House, Co. Antrim, and Aranmore, Co. Donegal, and received his military education at Sandhurst. Major Charley was a regimental officer of the good old sort, had been Instructor of Musketry and an Adjutant of Volunteers, and in 1887-8 was engaged in the operations on the North-West Frontier of India with the Peshawar Column and the 5th Brigade of the Tirah Expeditionary Force. He had been Major and Second in Command of the 1st Inniskillings some eighteen months when he received his death-wound at Tugela River with the "Irish Brigade."

Captain Arthur H. Bacon was another brave and promising officer of the "Irish Brigade." Unlike Major Charley, he had had no previous active service, but he was an officer of high attainments. He joined the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers from the Militia in 1883, at the age of twenty-one, and had seen the whole of his regimental service with the



MAJOR J. F. W. CHARLEY, OF THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS, WHO HAS DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT THE BATTLE OF COLENZO.

Photo by J. J. Thompson, Omagh.

Dublins. For five years till 1897 he was Adjutant of the 4th Battalion (Militia) of his regiment; and, after two years' further duty with the old 103rd (once the Royal Bombay Fusiliers), he has found a soldier's grave in South Africa. The Dublins have the distinction, shared by the Gordons, the Northumberlands, and the Devonshires, of having both battalions of the regiment with one or the other of the Forces at "the front," and so have lost very heavily.

From the "Irish Brigade" the transition to the "Highland Brigade" is but a natural step, for on many a hard-fought field, from Blenheim to Seringapatam, from Waterloo to Tel-el-Kebir, English, Irish, and Scottish regiments have been comrades-in-arms and companions in victory or death. In the present instance, however, Captain Wolfe-Murray, of the 1st Highland Light Infantry (the old-time 71st) has been neither the companion of his less-fortunate comrades nor shared their untimely fate. His lot has been cast with Lord Methuen's little army on the Western border—the Guards, Highland Brigade, Northumberlands, Northampton, Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Marines, and in the Battle of Magersfontein, where "Black Watch," Gordons, Argyll and Sutherlands, and Highland Light Infantry vied with each other who should be the first to close with the enemy, he met with his wound. Captain Arthur Alexander Wolfe-Murray joined the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment thirteen years ago, at the age of twenty, and a few months after exchanged into the Highland Light Infantry. With the old 71st he was in Crete during

the recent troubles, so that, though this is his first actual war-service, he had already seen something of bloodshed. One may hope that he will speedily recover and help to add still further "honours" to the splendid battle-roll of a regiment second to none in the Service either in glorious history or in acts of individual heroism.



CAPTAIN A. H. BACON, OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF COLENZO.



CAPTAIN WOLFE-MURRAY, 1st HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

From Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

"THE HANDY MAN" TO THE FRONT.

From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



A NAVAL 12-POUNDER BEING FIRED BY "JACK."



HOW "JACK" SHAPES ASHORE

THE LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

Much is expected of the British soldier. He leaves snug quarters at a moment's notice to proceed to some far-off country, there to ensure the peace of a colony, or, maybe, to add another vast district to the possessions



MR. HOWELL GWYNNE, REUTER'S CORRESPONDENT AT LADYSMITH.

Photo by Yamamoto, Pekin.

of the Crown. He may be called upon to depose a monarch or to help another to his rights, and, in his sturdy, straightforward manner, he goes and does it.

On several occasions this sort of "big game" has fallen to the lot of the gallant old 17th Foot—the Leicestershire Regiment. Their first endeavours at "King-making" began with the War of Spanish Succession. England, Holland, and several other European Powers had fixed on Archduke Charles of Austria to fill the vacant throne of Spain. France, of course, and several less important States, objected to this, and tried the fortunes of war to put their own man in.

So the 17th Foot landed in Portugal in 1701, and had to spend some of their time in garrisoning several Portuguese towns, as the King of Portugal could place no reliance on his own troops. However, the 17th were not to remain inactive long. With the irresistible force of a mighty wave, they marched on Madrid; Valencia de Alcantara was stormed, Albuquerque captured, Alcantara surrendered. Archduke Charles was proclaimed King in Madrid in 1709, so the 17th returned home.

Thus, since the regiment was raised, under Colonel Solomon Richards, in 1868, in London and its immediate vicinity, they have had their full share of fighting. Hardly embodied, they were sent to the relief of Londonderry, 1689; 1695 found them storming St. Denis, in Flanders; in 1702 they assisted at the capture of Fort St. Michael and Liège.

"Minorca," "Louisburg," "Barbadoes," and "Boston" figure in the records of the regiment, each name bearing testimony of undaunted valour. Before embarking for America, their uniform was ordered to be scarlet-faced and lined with greyish-white, and during the war they were authorised to assume the county title of Leicestershire Regiment.

The American troubles were hardly settled, and the 17th had returned home to enjoy a well-earned rest, and the almost unwonted luxury of peace, when fresh troubles broke out in the East Indies. So in 1804 we find the Leicesters landing in Bombay to enter on a glorious career of nineteen years of successive victories, including Bundelcund, Coonch, after which action they were commended in glowing terms in an "Official Communication" by Major-General Dowdeswell; Chunar, Nepal, and lastly, Jubblepore, where they were thanked in General Orders for their distinguished conduct. As a recognition of their valuable services, on their return home His Majesty George IV. was graciously pleased to approve of the regiment bearing on its colours and appointments the figure of the "Royal Tiger," with the word "Hindoostan" superscribed (June 25, 1825), "as a lasting testimony of the exemplary conduct of the corps during the period of its service in India from 1804-1823."

Not long after their first visit to India, another opportunity offered in that country, whither the 17th again proceeded in 1836. Events had transpired on the frontier of Afghanistan which induced the British Government to undertake the restoration of the former Sovereign, Shah Shooja-ul-Mulk, to the throne of that kingdom, as a precautionary measure to protect the frontiers of the British dominions in the East against aggressions.

Another opportunity for "King-making," of which the Leicesters

speedily availed themselves. Marching up the Indus, they fought their way through Seinde, capturing Hyderabad and Karachi, and bringing the Ameers of Seinde to submission. On through the desert plains of Baluchistan, through the Bolan Pass, across the Deesht-i-he-doulut, or the "Unhappy Desert," into Afghanistan, they took possession of Kandahar. Thence on to Ghazni, a strong fortress held by three thousand Afghans, under Prince Mahomed Hyder Khan. Before daylight on July 25 one of the principal gates was destroyed by gunpowder; the British rushed in, the 17th leading the assault, and by five o'clock of that morning the colours of the Leicesters were waving from the top of the citadel. A standard was captured. From Ghazni they marched to Kabul, and placed Shah Shooja-ul-Mulk on his throne again. On their way back through Baluchistan, they stormed Khelat, defeated two thousand Baluchis, and captured another standard.

Since then, many more names have found their place on the colours of the Leicesters. "Sevastopol," "Ali Musjid," "Afghanistan 1878-79," are eloquent witnesses of the regiment's deeds of bravery, and now the gallant 17th are with Sir George White at Ladysmith.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS AT "THE FRONT."

Although he is a comparatively recent acquisition to the ranks of War-Correspondents, Mr. Howell A. Gwynne has contrived to crowd into his career a greater number of exploits than have the majority of his seniors. In 1895 he went to Ashanti, and represented Reuter in the campaign that commenced at the end of this year. After this was over, he went through the Turco-Greek War in the same capacity, and while attached to the Sultan's forces he was present at the battles of Pharsala, Lamia, and Domoko. Immediately afterwards, he was called to the Soudan, where hostilities were conveniently in progress at the time. On this occasion he acted for the *Daily Graphic*, as well as for Reuter, and, in this capacity, saw the fighting that took place at Berber and Atbara. Seven days' holiday in England followed, and then the call of duty summoned him Eastward again. This time his services were required in China, as Reuter's representative at Pekin. Here he remained until the outbreak of the present Transvaal War took him once more into the field of action. Accordingly, he sailed for South Africa a few weeks ago, and is at this moment one of Reuter's Correspondents with Sir George White's troops. As constant service in the battlefield, however, does not seem to present sufficient risks to a person of Mr. Gwynne's adventurous disposition, he occupies his brief intervals of leisure in mountain-climbing.

Mr. J. Angus Hamilton, whose photograph I give below, is acting as Correspondent for the *Times* and *Black and White* in the Transvaal campaign that is just now in progress. At the present moment he is forming one of the beleaguered garrison of Mafeking, where he arrived about the middle of October. Mr. Hamilton is the son of Mrs. Pinero by her first marriage, and is the step-son of England's foremost dramatist. He is something of a traveller, for, in addition to his recent voyage to South



MR. J. ANGUS HAMILTON, WAR-CORRESPONDENT FOR THE "TIMES" AT MAFEKING.

Photo by Frederick Hollyer, Kensington.

Africa, he has spent some time in Australia and New Zealand. Previous to joining the ranks of the War-Correspondents, he served a considerable apprenticeship to journalism in London, and among the periodicals in which articles from his pen have appeared are *The Sketch* and its elder brother, *The Illustrated London News*.

A Chelsea Pensioner.



Colonel Sir Howard Vincent.

Lord Wolseley. General Kelly-Kenny

The late Dean Bradley of Westminster.

A LUCKY SNAPSHOT.



TRANSPORT OF THE 1st V.B. HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT, SHOWING THE MODE OF CONVEYING HEAVY BAGGAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY, STRAND.

MAGAZINE CHAT.

The scarlet wing of war casts a lengthening shadow of black over the pages of the magazines. It is impossible to get away from so absorbing a topic, either in the literature of the day, the week, or the month.

The *Pall Mall Magazine*, always a luxury to take up, from its artistic frontispiece—a reproduction of Holbein's famous picture of Anne of Cleves—to the tail-piece of Mr. Street's "From a London Attic," shows the effect of the event of the hour. It contains the first part of an attractively illustrated article on the great military heroes who lie in Westminster Abbey, an article on notable houses in South America, and, in fiction, there is a "Tale of the Veldt," among other interesting short stories and bits of verse, all characteristically and all beautifully illustrated. Mr. William Archer contributes the third—the last and most important—of his articles on the American stage, with a graphic description of the chief dramatists and their work.

The *Century* is made notable by two poems of two English poets, the one the antipodes of the other. Mr. Kipling is represented by "In the Matter of One Compass," in which he makes his usual masterly use of a melodious refrain, while Mr. Phillips adheres to the classic sonorousness and stately measure of the Miltonian verse, which he finds the most convenient vehicle for the expression of his art. Nor must mention be omitted of Mr. Morley's third paper on Oliver Cromwell, nor of Dr. Frederick A. Cook's article on the "New Antarctic Discoveries." Dr. Cook was the surgeon of the *Belgica* Expedition, and the interesting matter which he relates is illustrated with beautiful half-tone plates printed in colour, which give a remarkably suggestive insight of regions into which we can enter only through the gateway of our imagination, for none of us is likely to visit the scenes which he describes.

The *Fortnightly* continues its narrative of the War in South Africa, and Major Arthur Griffiths leads off with an article on "The Conduct of the War," in which he criticises the action of certain of those in high places, although he does not commend "the criticism of military operations in progress while the issue of momentous events still hangs in the balance." An ingenious article is Mr. Joseph Jacobs's "The Paths of Glory," from which we learn that, while one Englishman out of every fifteen hundred scattered through the British Empire is a somebody, and, therefore, entitled to the place which he gets in "Who's Who," only half an individual passes the more stringent test of being one of the "Men of the Time." We also learn, with an amazement born of the contemplation of the many instances of young men taking up prominent positions in the consideration of contemporary life, that the mean age of people who attain the distinction of being "Who" is no less than fifty-five.

Blackwood, too, contains articles on the British Policy in South Africa and the war operations among its pleasant pages. Particularly interesting are the reminiscences of the late Sir John Mowbray, one time "Father" of the House of Commons, and there is a scathingly clever review on the "Victorian Drama," hung on Mr. Clement Scott's recently published book of reminiscences, which, because it tells many truths—and incidentally suggests a few things which are not true, though the writer would have us believe they are—will cause not a little commotion in the theatrical dovecotes and among those who are interested in the drama.

The *English Illustrated* is happy with "Some Prominent War-Correspondents," describing the personalities of the men who represent the chief papers at "the front," following this with a description of the way in which people who have lost portions of their anatomy in war, or otherwise, may have them restored, as far at least as their outward semblance goes. While, too, the heroes of the war are well before our mind, some "Forgotten Heroes of the English Army" are appropriately resurrected, and the other features, short stories and articles, and "Flashes from the Footlights," are up to their usual standard of excellence.

Cornhill, opening with the lecture on Elizabethan London delivered a couple of months ago at the Queen's Hall by the Bishop of London, gives in Lady Broome's "Natal's Memories" some striking pictures of life in that colony only a quarter of a century ago, and reinforces them with a curious picture of "a Boer Interior," evidently drawn from the life and not from the imagination. "The Ways of a Military Hospital" will furnish amusing anecdotes for several dinner-parties, although the hospital orderly is not the only individual who makes grotesque blunders either in spelling or composition, for at University College Hospital the writer once saw a ward clerk enter that the patient was ordered an "ever fissing mixture."

The cheaper magazines, the popular sixpennies like the *Strand* and *Pearson's*, *Cassell's*, the *Captain*, and the *Wide World Magazine*, with *Harmsworth* and the *Royal*, are all up to their own standards of excellence, and all are more or less imbued with the prevailing spirit of the day, so that they cannot fail to make their particular appeal to their respective publics. In the more literary and non-illustrated publications, mention must be made of an excellent short story, "The Marrying of Kat," in *Temple Bar*, and of the standard of excellence maintained by the *Gentleman's*.

After the war, the recently published Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson claim precedence over other topics, for they furnish articles in *Macmillan* and the *Fortnightly*, as well as for Mr. Andrew Lang's purpose in his well-known "At the Sign of the Ship." To Mr. Lang, Stevenson is "Mr. R. L. Stevenson," though to the world he has joined the immortal peerage, as has Huxley, whom Mr. Lang persists in calling "Mr. Huxley," although he talks of Malebranche and Hamilton, and Kant and Descartes. Mr. Lang's excess of politeness is—but perhaps it is only another instance of his humour which, in these fog-begirt days, is too subtle for my dull brain to catch the essence of.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAMS" OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.

Mr. Tree's forthcoming production of Shakspeare's most graceful, most delicate, most poetic comedy, a comedy that has been regarded by high authorities as the "most essentially unactable of all his plays," makes one turn with interest to some of the most notable attempts of managers

during the last fifty years to present in flesh and blood the fairy creatures of the poet's fancy, or the mortals who are "but dim abstractions, persons of a dream." Managers, it will be seen, have differed in opinion as to the employment of masculine or feminine flesh and blood for the exponents of the male fairies Oberon and Puck, the former having been more often, I think, played by a woman, though there seems no reason why it should not be acted by a young, slender, and graceful man.

Almost nine-and-forty years ago, Mr. Conquest, the father of the popular lessee of the Surrey Theatre, entered upon his occu-



SAMUEL PHELPS,

A famous old-time impersonator of Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

pation of the old Grecian Theatre, succeeding Rouse, who had lost heavily in his attempt to improve the musical taste of his patrons. Mr. Conquest, in no way discouraged by this ill-success, determined on a course of legitimate tragedy and comedy, and in March 1851 he began his career with an excellently arranged production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Miss Julia Harland, a well-known actress in her day, played Oberon, and Miss Conquest, the little daughter of the manager, played Puck. I am sorry to record that "Shakspeare" spelt financial loss to the management.

The next notable production of the fairy comedy was by Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, in 1853, and it is doubtful if any of us are likely to see the "Midsummer Night's Dream" produced more artistically (though, doubtless, we may more elaborately) or acted more admirably than it was at the theatre which Phelps made famous through the length and breadth of the land. Phelps appears never to have lost sight of the idea which governs the whole play—that appears to have been the secret of his success. He knew that he had to present to his public merely shadows; that, as Puck reminds us in the Epilogue, spectators are to think they have slumbered on their seats and seen visions. Phelps, too, appears to have avoided excess in the matter of scenery, which was more remarkable for its good taste than its costliness; neither did he try to obtain effects by means more suitable to pantomime than poetry. In his cast of fairy folk, Oberon was played by a woman, Miss Catherine Hickson, while a remarkably quick-witted little boy, Master F. Artis, rendered Puck with faithfulness and spirit. Mr. Phelps's impersonation of Bottom was, however, the success of the production; this he presented with remarkable subtlety and spirit, and it was pronounced as quite masterly, and absolutely in harmony with the atmosphere and poetry of the play.

The next performance I recall is that at the Princess's in 1856, when "Midsummer Night's Dream" was one of the remarkable series of Shakspeare's plays produced by Charles Kean. Here the mounting was very beautiful, and the performance of a high level of merit, but neither performance nor mounting displayed that peculiar poetic fairy element which Phelps imported into his production. Harley, an excellent comedian, made a whimsical and amusing Bottom. A lady gave life, but little distinction, to the part of Oberon, while Puck was played by "a pretty little girl, belted and garlanded with flowers"—that little girl has an interest for playgoers of to-day: it was Ellen Terry—while that delightful actress Carlotta Leclercq made a charming Titania.

In December 1889 and the early part of 1890 Mr. Benson gave us a taste of his quality in a Shakspeare season at the Globe. Although there was no exceptionally fine talent displayed by this company, it was one the excellence of whose work deserved that support from the public which, I fear, it failed to obtain. In Mr. Benson's production of "The Fairy Play," the actor-manager played Lysander; Mrs. Benson was an intelligent and refined but not very distinguished Titania; Oberon was on this occasion played by a man, Mr. Otho Stuart, in a somewhat affected fashion; Miss Grace Geraldine was a fairly good Puck; and Mr. G. R. Weir an excellent Bottom.

The latest London production of any importance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was that by the Daly Company, at Daly's Theatre, in 1895. With all due respect to the memory of the late Mr. Daly, he was a terrible hacker and slasher of Shakspeare, and at his mutilations we some of us have sat appalled. In this particular instance he was not at

his worst in this respect, I am glad to say, and the immortal bard, though unwarrantably tampered with, was let off more easily than usual. In this latest revival the scenery and staging left much to be desired, as did the arrangement of the fairy "electric lighting"—as, for instance, when Miss Sibyl Carlisle, a fairly intelligent Oberon,

conventional and entirely unconvincing Puck, and that excellent actor, Mr. James Lewis, was a mercurial rather than a stolid though dream-possessed weaver. That experienced manager and versatile actor, Mr. Tree, is sure to stage his forthcoming production effectively. Let us only hope he will not use too lavish a hand, while he should certainly be



AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, 1853: MR. PHELPS AS BOTTOM AND MISS WYATT AS TITANIA.

TITANIA: I do love thee!

simultaneously with her declaration of "I am invisible," flashed out with all the brilliancy of some modern searchlight. The cast was not notable, except for the fact that Miss Rehan made a fine figure as Helena. Miss Haswell had not the slightest conception of the part of Titania. Miss Swain was an entirely



BOTTOM AND TITANIA (ACT III., SCENE 1).
FROM AN ART ENGRAVING.

TITANIA: What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

able to attack the part of Bottom with partial, if not entire, success. Again we are to have a feminine Oberon, a handsomely proportioned one, in the person of Miss Julia Neilson, while Puck will be in the clever hands of Miss Louie Freear, who has been specially engaged to play the part, and Titania will find an exponent in Mrs. Tree. W. C. F.



AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, 1853: MISS COOPER AS HELENA (ACT II., SCENE 3).

*HELENA: 'O, I am out of breath in this fond chase;
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.*



AT THE GRECIAN THEATRE, MARCH 1851: MISS JULIA HARLAND AND MISS CONQUEST AS OBERON AND PUCK.

*OBERON: Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
PUCK: Ay, there it is!*

THE GALLANT RESERVE FORCES OF OLD ENGLAND.

From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.

THE 3RD LONDON VOLUNTEERS WITH THEIR MACHINE-GUN.



TEAM OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS THAT WON THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP. THE BOERS WILL WANT ALL THE COVER THEY CAN GET.

THE GALLANT RESERVE FORCES OF OLD ENGLAND.

From a Photograph by Gregory, Strand.



THE COLOURS AND ESCORT OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

THE GALLANT RESERVE FORCES OF OLD ENGLAND

From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.



INSPECTION OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY: THE MARCH PAST.



CYCLIST SECTION OF THE HANTS RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

THE GALLANT RESERVE FORCES OF OLD ENGLAND.

From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.



TYPICAL YEOMEN: ROYAL BUCKS HUSSARS, LOTHIAN AND BERWICKSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, AND STAFFORDSHIRE.



SERGEANT-MAJOR AND TROOPER OF THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY.

A NEW TERROR FOR THE BOERS.

MR. H. S. H. CAVENDISH AND HIS SCHEME.

"So you are raising a corps of experienced South African campaigners to act as scouts at 'the front,' Mr. Cavendish?" I queried, after thoroughly examining his pleasant flat, which overlooks the Green Park, and which is the repository in part of his unique collection of African



MR. H. S. H. CAVENDISH IN HIS CAMPAIGNING-DRESS.

antelope, elephant, giraffe, buffalo, and lion heads, and other trophies brought down by his rifle in Portuguese East Africa, in Somaliland, and in the districts round Lake Rudolph.

"Such is my intention," he replied; "and I had no sooner let it be known that I would be glad to hear of such men than I had scores of applications from men who know the Cape Colony and the Transvaal 'up and down.' Many have served in the Bechuanaland Police, and under the Chartered Company during the Matabeleland Campaign. These are just the stamp of men I want, fellows who are up to every Boer dodge in fighting, and certainly won't be 'caught napping.' A hundred such men would, in my opinion, be equal to a thousand 'regulars' as scouts. It would be their business to give the troops early notice of ambushes, and act generally as trustworthy guides; besides, their presence would assist in leaving the Cape Mounted Police and other similar bodies of troops free to keep watch over the disaffected Dutch Colonists."

"You have only just returned from Canada, I believe?"

"Quite so; about a fortnight ago. I started with the intention of looking about in British Columbia, but, somehow, I did not get so far. However, we had some excellent moose-shooting. Then I came back. Perhaps I had caught the war-fever, or perhaps my coming back was due to my restless disposition," he observed with a smile.

"Your last expedition was to Patagonia, was it not?"

"Yes, I was there in the early part of last year. I went with Mr. Dodson, of the South Kensington Natural History Department, to secure, if possible, a specimen of the *Neomylodon listai*, or ground-sloth. It proved to be an animal so rare that one would well believe it never existed were not skulls and other remains forthcoming. However, we were not able to penetrate much beyond Chubut, which, as I daresay you know, is and has been during the last half-century a Welsh colony. It has not, it is said, been lately too well affected towards the Government of the Argentine Republic, and so that Government chose to regard our expedition as open to grave suspicion, and with that idea, or perhaps by way of excuse, they detained our stores and hunting ammunition, declining to let it pass inland. After dawdling about for some four and a-half months, we were advised to return."

"The frustration of your projected expedition for the purpose of exploring the Sobat district was far more unfortunate, however?"

"Indeed it was! If our Government had not, in deference to French opinion, stopped us, I should have been at Fashoda long before Marchand. That expedition was to have been on a large scale; it would have comprised ten officers, including two doctors and two Artillerymen, with a following of 380 armed Swahilis, and an equipment of quick-firing

guns. We should have explored a country absolutely unknown. But one has to submit, of course, when the Government objects. I think I may say, without undue conceit, that the whole European Press discussed my projected expedition with the greatest interest.

"The Geographical Society was glad, I believe, to have my notes concerning the western side of Lake Rudolph, in Eastern Central Africa, which till my journey some two years ago was unexplored. I had a very adventurous, and therefore a very enjoyable, time, anyway."

"Yes? Tell me something about it, because memory is a bad servant."

"We took a caravan of eighty armed Somalis and one hundred and fifty camels. On five occasions the men mutinied, and twice they threatened my life. Then I had a precious near squeak near Lake Stephanie, when a wounded elephant charged me and sat on me for half-an-hour; his head, mounted, is now in the British Museum. During the fifteen months I was on that expedition, I was fortunate enough to kill thirty-eight different kinds of game. From a geographical point of view, I suppose our discovery of an unexpected large lake and a volcano, with an extensive coal-district, was considered more valuable than our shooting of several fresh varieties of antelope and a new kind of giraffe. There are their heads up there," said Mr. Cavendish, pointing to them on the walls. "Several times we were reported as having been murdered; as a matter of fact, we came through without the loss of a single life."

"But what made you think of going at all?"

"Well, I had been up the Zambesi, in Portuguese East Africa, on several shooting expeditions—very shortly, indeed, after I left Eton—and on reading some articles on Lake Rudolph, on one of the homeward voyages, described by the writer as being practically an unknown country, I at once determined to go out and explore in the direction where no one else had ever been."

Possessed of ample means, Mr. Cavendish is enabled to indulge his tastes, which are primarily in the direction of sport and adventure, while he entertains a strong desire to achieve distinction in the way of exploration. He has, too, a great love of music, and, though not an executant, he takes much pleasure in a fine Æolian organ which plays with equally grand effect the operas of Wagner and Gounod and the catchy airs of "The Belle of New York," the martial music of "El Capitan" and the pretty melodies of "Florodora." Besides, he is enabled to put himself in direct communication with the theatres by means of his orchestraphone. Quiet and reserved in manner, as a rule, yet occasionally a guess may be made at his energy and his power of resource when necessity arises. It is probably in his restraint that his real strength resides when leading the expeditions which have been under his control. Though Mr. Cavendish has certainly accomplished more in his young life than many other well-reputed explorers of double his years, yet he is exceedingly diffident, while perhaps the only virtue he claims to possess is that of keeping his word, a quality which has doubtless stood him in good stead when dealing with natives. Henry Sheppard Hart Cavendish is the eldest son of the late William Thomas Cavendish, and a great-grandson of the second Baron Waterpark. He owns estates in Buckinghamshire and Staffordshire.



MR. H. S. H. CAVENDISH WITH ONE OF HIS MOST FAITHFUL FRIENDS.



A ROOM IN MR. H. S. H. CAVENDISH'S FLAT, SHOWING SOME OF THE HUNTER'S TROPHIES.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE ROSE OF PERSIA," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS HASSAN.



MR. ROBERT EVETT AS YUSSUF AND MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS
HEART'S-DESIRE.



MISS AGNES FRASER AS BLUSH-OF-MORNING.



MISS EMMIE OWEN AS HONEY-OF-LIFE.

"THE ROSE OF PERSIA," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS ROSE-IN-BLOOM.

THIS LADY'S SWEET SINGING AND CHARMING PERSONALITY CONTRIBUTE IN NO SMALL DEGREE TO THE SUCCESS OF THE PIECE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DISILLUSION OF FENTON.

BY CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

Fenton was not exactly a sentimentalist, else in two months he would have had time to forget. He was, indeed, rather a slow man, who took life more as a matter for calculation than as a series of startling and unsolvable problems. But in one matter his faculty of calculation had played him false—he had fallen in love, and the woman whom he loved had married another man. That in itself was quite within the range of his theory of life; but it hit him hard, nevertheless, the more particularly because he had imagined that she loved him. He had not asked her to marry him, but he had intended to do so some day; it did not occur to him that delay might bring disaster. When he returned to town, after an absence of three months, he found that she was married. A rumour of it had reached him, and he hurried back to find it true.

Two months' consideration and introspection did not make the matter clearer to him. He was an idle man, and this constant dwelling on the affair began to tell upon his nerves. His instinct for placid enjoyment deserted him, and he moved amongst his old associates in a self-abstracted manner that made them nudge each other. This annoyed him, and one day, sitting solitary in his room, he decided to go abroad and escape from it. He ran over in his mind all the places that were likely to suit his mood, and, with a folly that he recognised, but did not trouble to suppress, decided upon St. Winoc, a quiet, grey little place on the coast of Brittany. It was there, a couple of years before, he had come to the conclusion that he was in love with Kitty Densmore. She, by some happy accident, had found her way from Trouville to St. Winoc, and had persuaded her father to make a lengthened stay there. Fenton delayed his going also, and together they spent some particularly pleasant and growingly confidential weeks. But it never got beyond that, and perhaps Kitty was a little piqued.

After Fenton had made his decision and superintended the packing of his baggage, he told himself he was a fool. Then he entered upon one of those mental controversies that are always decided by the inclination; he continued to think himself a fool, but abided by his resolve. He promised himself a certain half-bitter retrospective pleasure in the old surroundings; if he were going to bury his romance, it might as well be quietly laid to rest where it was born. Therefore, at the dusty end of a hot September, he left town, and, travelling in the leisurely manner which he affected, found himself in St. Winoc on the afternoon of the third day.

The Hôtel du Centre is a rambling, comfortably conducted hostelry, of a kind, unhappily, becoming rare. But only the more adventurous fringe of autumn travellers touched St. Winoc. At that time it had not risen to the dignity of a Casino, and after nine o'clock at night a tranquil quietude settled down upon the place. By a strange good-fortune, that seemed to Fenton vaguely to justify his coming, he secured his old rooms, and, after an hour's rest, he set out to revive his memories of the little grey town.

As he stepped out upon the square of which the Hôtel du Centre formed one side, the light was just beginning to fade. The church reared itself darkly against a glowing sky; as he skirted its northern wall a breath of salt wind blew across his face, and instantly the spirit of his last visit returned to him. The folly of this struck him so definitely that he laughed, and with the sound of his own voice there came an unpleasant sense of solitude. He quickened his pace, and, mounting an abrupt and narrow pathway, emerged upon a great stretch of level ground, which, half a mile beyond, sheered down and joined the ragged line of coast. Here he paused, letting his gaze range from east to west along the changing distance of the horizon. The sound of breaking surf reached him like the noise of wind in pine-trees; as he moved forward again, he seemed utterly alone.

Quite suddenly, however, he was aware of a figure, that grew out of the dusk like a darker, moving shadow, and almost at the same time the wind brought him the stir of footsteps. He stopped and listened intently. As I have said, Fenton was not a sentimentalist, but his truth of instinct told him instantly that it was Kitty's step. She also was alone. The circumstances were so singular that he accepted them without a mental protest. He had neither anticipated nor desired a meeting, but, since the Fates so clearly willed it, he would not turn back. Each was conscious of the presence of the other, so that, when they met, any expression of surprise on either side would have helped to make the position false. Fenton was thankful for the darkness, not for his own sake, but for hers. He had not time to strike out any definite plan before he was adrift upon the inevitable tide of circumstance.

"I did not expect to find you here, Mrs. Corwen," he said.

"Nor I you. Have you been here long?"

"I suppose, for about two hours. And you?"

"We came last night," she said. He had turned in her direction, and they were walking slowly, side by side, down the path up which he had come. He could not see her face clearly, but there was something in her voice that made him jump to the conclusion that she was not quite happy. A dangerous desire to protect her from some indefinite sorrow sprang up in Fenton's heart. Such resentment as he had felt against her was resolved in the first conjecture of her unhappiness.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"At the Hôtel de l'Univers, by the Plage."

"And why in that great, new, hideous place?"

"Frank preferred it," she said.

"Oh!" said Fenton. "Then you are going in exactly the wrong direction. Hadn't we better turn back?"

"I'm in no hurry to get back," she said. "Frank is resting. He knows I'm fond of lonely walks."

"Perhaps you would rather that I left you?"

"No," she said; "I'm glad I met you; I'm glad you are here. Why did you come?"

"I did not know that you were here."

"Of course not. How could you? I persuaded Frank to bring me to St. Winoc quite on an impulse."

"Indeed? It is strange that we both had that impulse."

"Why strange?" asked Mrs. Corwen, with that note of sudden recklessness in her voice which makes a woman dangerous. "Why strange?" she repeated. "We were both happy here once. Why should we not choose to come again?"

"I came," said Fenton, moved for a moment beyond himself, "to escape from galling memories. It seems, rather, that I have succeeded in reviving them."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her voice grown soft again.

"I have no right to tell you now," he said. "It is certainly time that you returned. The evenings are chilly on this coast."

She turned beside him, and they climbed the steep path again. A light veil of mist, which was swayed curiously at intervals by gusts of wind, hung over the level. They quickened step, and, after a silent walk of some ten minutes, reached the head of the sandy track leading down to the Hôtel de l'Univers. There Fenton paused.

"Let me leave you here," he said.

"Will you come down and see Frank?" Mrs. Corwen said this with an indifference that offended Fenton. He had known Corwen, and, at least, the man was honest. He could not understand the obvious apathy with which his wife regarded him. Fenton wished to keep his memory of her from the slight of what seemed very like ingratitude.

"I shall be glad to see Corwen again," he said. "I will call to-morrow."

"I may see you again before you meet. I am always out quite early along the cliffs. My husband, as you may remember, sleeps well into the morning; he does not care for walking. Good-night!"

Fenton held the ungloved hand she offered him for a moment. Standing thus close together and face to face, their eyes met openly for the first time. There was a challenge in hers that Fenton was sure she did not understand, but it moved him strangely, nevertheless, and she was very beautiful.

"Good-night," he said. "I shall see you to-morrow."

As he walked back across the coarse grass, which rustled harshly in the wind, he ceased to think himself a fool; but he carried his cogitations to no definite issue of future conduct. He had reached the point when to look only a day ahead is to presume too greatly upon a future in which the gods are to decide so much. He tried, rather, to dismiss the whole affair from his mind, and this effort resulted in a vague excitement of expectation that was very pleasing to him. If he had judged his feelings more closely, he would have been conscious of disappointment also. Mrs. Corwen was unquestionably beautiful, but she was as unquestionably indiscreet, and apparently somewhat infirm of purpose as well.

However, he slept on the pleasant and indefinite mood, and awoke at daylight strongly impressed with the feeling that something had happened or was going to happen. A few minutes' calm consideration served to bring him on a level, as it were, with the possibilities that lay before him, but his mind was still quite sterile of inspiration. The heroic mood of the previous afternoon was less clamorous. There is something in the clean, sharp air of early morning that makes overnight illusions seem a little small, and Fenton felt this as he turned into the street. He even walked inland with a feeling of something like guilt quite unusual with him.

The sun had risen an hour before, and the hill up which he set his face seemed like a black and solid shadow against the clear wash of gold in the East. At its summit was a great granite crucifix, facing northward, a sign to ships at sea, and to men and women on land who toiled there through the changing seasons. As Fenton reached the spot, a fresh wind blew across his face, charged with brine and autumn; he turned seawards, and at the same moment saw the slim figure of Mrs. Corwen as she skirted the cliffs a quarter of a mile away. Her head was bent forward to meet the wind, so that he was unobserved. He repressed his first impulse, and, instead of going to her, he sat down to think. Again the process was entirely fruitless, and she was beside him before he realised the situation.

They greeted each other with a formality that struck Fenton as incongruous; he did not quite relish his position, yet the circumstances were agreeable enough.

"I expected to find you here," Mrs. Corwen said.

"Why?"

"It was always a favourite spot of yours."

"So you remember that?"



TOM BROWNE

"Our local plumber is laid up."
"Really! What complaint?"
"None. Everybody delighted."

"Why should I forget?"

He looked at her closely. In that searching light he found no flaw in her beauty; Mrs. Corwen was as alluring as Kitty Densmore had been. "I thought," he said, "you might have forgotten what happened at that time."

"I forget nothing," she answered; "and least of all the time when I was happiest."

"And you are not happy now?" he asked. The question slipped from him before he saw to where it might lead; but, having asked it, he waited for a reply with an equanimity that surprised himself.

"I am not happy," she said, after a pause.

"I suppose," he said, "that you have found settling down in life a little prosaic. For myself, I accepted the prose long ago."

"How long ago?"

"To be quite candid," he said, "it was not so long ago, after all—say, two months."

"And I," she said, "at the same time began to find the world narrower than I thought it was."

"I think," said Fenton, picking up a glove which she had let fall, "that we have both been very foolish." He drew the glove slowly through the fingers of his left hand as he watched her. And then, realising where they stood, he moved away. He was not, as I have said, a sentimentalist; but of a sudden he felt insignificant and ashamed. He saw the woman who followed him for what she was—very weak, very petulant, very beautiful; so tender as to appeal with infinite persuasion to his strength, but so light of will as to be of less danger to him than to herself. When he turned to her again, his voice was lower, but it had taken a more certain and decisive tone. He did not wonder that he had ever loved her, but he knew that such love as remained was never to be spoken. "We have been very foolish," he said, "because we have not accepted the position which we ourselves made. Even up to this morning my foolishness was alive; now it is over and dead." She moved away from him a little, with the simple instinct of a child. Then, as men will on such occasions, he fell into the terms of platitude: "Life is full of disappointment; one more or less between the beginning and the end can make small difference. If my advice is of any service, take it for what it is worth. Go back to your hotel, and, after breakfast, make my friend Corwen take you to Dinard. He will, you know, if you only ask him. I shall, perhaps, see you in town before Christmas."

She paused in her walk and looked at him, half-pouting and a little afraid.

"Are you going away, then?" she asked.

"Yes," he said; "I shall go to-morrow morning by the first diligence. We shall probably not meet again here. Your road lies in that direction; mine in this. Good-bye."

They shook hands in the casual way of chance acquaintances, and parted. When Fenton reached the Hôtel du Centre, he shut himself in his room and spent a day of peculiar and irritating inactivity. He did not suffer from any acute disquiet, but his life had temporarily ceased to interest him. He saw that he had been very near a precipice, but the feeling of safety did not fill up the gap which his disillusion left. He told himself again, as he had done four days before, that he was a fool. Perhaps the sincerity of this belief helped to hold him to his resolve.

The following morning, as his luggage was being carried out, he stood at the corner of the square from which the hill crowned with the crucifix was visible. It was deserted and bare, half-shrouded in a thin veil of mist. The driver, in the hard, metallic voice of his kind, cried, "À voiture!"; and Fenton took his place without another look behind.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

January, in the best of circumstances, is a bad month for books. The reaction from Christmas lasts some weeks into the year. At present things are unusually quiet, but publishers tell me that they are doing better than they expected. They were quite prepared for an almost total cessation of business. In all probability, the spring season will be unusually quiet, and, if things go well, the autumn season will be unusually busy. Trade with South Africa is, of course, suspended. There was an excellent market in South Africa for "Colonial Libraries," as they are called, in which six-shilling novels are sold for half-a-crown, and this cannot be counted on for some time.

I have received from America interesting particulars of the severance between Mr. McLure and Mr. Doubleday. Nothing was less expected. It was imagined that these energetic young men would together build up the largest publishing business in the world. It is stated that there has been no friction between Mr. Doubleday and Mr. McLure, and that each will retain an interest in the company of the other. Mr. Walter H. Page, formerly Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Forum*, goes with Mr. Doubleday, and becomes chief literary adviser. The house is to be represented in London by Mr. James McArthur. Mr. McArthur is a young Scotchman who was formerly with Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. He was joint-editor of the American edition of the *Bookman*, which has been a great success, circulating at the rate of 30,000 copies a month. The name of Mr. Doubleday's company will be Doubleday, Page, and Co. Mr. McLure is to publish a new review. He is also to issue books and to carry on the great new encyclopædia which was originally to have been published by McLure and Harper. Mr. Page was to be the editor of this work, but another editor will now have

to be found, and about a million dollars will be needed to carry the project successfully through.

Mr. A. E. Fletcher is retiring from his position as literary adviser to Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., and will reside in the country. Mr. Fletcher will continue to write and lecture, but has well earned, by much strenuous labour, his comparative rest. Mr. Coulson Kernahan will succeed him at Messrs. Ward and Lock's. Mr. Kernahan has worked for years in the service of that enterprising firm, and is thoroughly conversant with its business.

I hear that Messrs. Pearson have secured Mr. Julian Ralph's account of the South African War. The Correspondents have been severely trammelled this time, and their books, when they appear, will be practically new. The competition between the publishers in this matter has been much less severe than usual.

I understand that at least one London publisher has offered himself for service in South Africa.

It is said by *Literature* that, "if all the books of the year were in a bonfire, there can be little question that the two which most readers would hasten to save would be the Letters of Stevenson and the Love-Letters of the Brownings. Opinions may differ as to the advisability in general of publishing documents so essentially private as the letters of a man to his future wife must be, but there has been only one judgment about the Browning letters—the world would have been sensibly the poorer without them. Stevenson's letters to his friends were hardly so good as had been hoped, but they were still most delightful to read."

The sale of old books during the year has been satisfactory, more than £100,000 having changed hands in the London sale-rooms alone, and the average sum obtained per entry being about £3 a-book greater than it has ever been before. Book-collecting, it is said, is settling down into three well-defined channels: (1) Works of poets and dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; (2) examples of early printing; and (3) first editions of modern authors. The Kelmescott books are hardly keeping up, but Chaucer is still rising. The first edition of "Waverley" has been sold at £150, and the edition of the Brontë poems with the imprint of Aylott and Jones has gone to £28, the largest price I can remember.

There has been a correspondence about the use of the title "The Ascent of Man" for books by Miss Mathilde Blind and Professor Henry Drummond. Miss Blind was the first to use the title, and I happen to know that Professor Drummond was very anxious to find another; but he felt, however, that he was shut up to this one, and wrote to Miss Blind explaining the circumstances. With her characteristic courtesy, she accepted the explanation.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has published another of his odd but interesting books, entitled "Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters." Most of the new volume refers to his father-in-law, Madox Brown. The *Daily News* drew a just parallel between much of Madox Brown's diary as printed here and the Diary of a Nobody. Still, it is interesting, as every human document is. Mr. F. G. Stephens, the veteran critic who had so much to do with the Pre-Raphaelite movement, sums up the situation very well. He says that Madox Brown was peculiarly dogged and perverse, "a born rebel, full of generous impulses, and yet cantankerous when opposed. He had, too, a sense of humour greater than Dante Rossetti's and much greater than our author's." Mr. W. M. Rossetti has no sense of humour at all, but he has done useful work in his time. It would be well if he would give over publishing the diaries of other people, and give the world extracts of his own. Some parts already printed, especially the "Recollections of Trelawney," in the *Athenæum*, are of real value.

Miss Violet Hunt's new story, "The Human Interest" (Methuen), is the solidest bit of work she has yet done. It is promisingly less smart and far more sympathetic and real than her former stories. It is the tale of a clever, ambitious young provincial woman, discontented with her bourgeois surroundings, who flings herself at the head of a landscape-painter. He snubs her very openly, but the clever, ambitious young provincial is not very thin-skinned, and she does at last persuade the painter, who has hitherto left women alone, and left humanity out of his landscapes, to a proper understanding of the "human interest." He finds the delight of it short, and the annoyances particularly irritating. By an error of mercy, the little decadent provincial is saved from a tragic death to be the torment of others whose histories will fill volumes yet unwritten. But this first part of her career is admirably described. The cheap cleverness, cheap attractiveness, the discontent so fully justified by her actual worth—Miss Hunt's study of these is first-hand, serious, and convincing.

The new volume of Messrs. Bell's Handbooks to English Literature has been put in the best possible hands. "The Age of Johnson" is the subject, and the author is Mr. Thomas Seecombe. Mr. Seecombe has been one of the most accurate and thorough workers on the great "National Dictionary of Biography," where, among many splendid contributions, his Life of Smollett stands out among the most distinguished. Now that the "Dictionary" draws to a close, Mr. Seecombe should find his true field as a literary historian. The literary history of England has still to be written.

FAIR LADIES FROM THE GAY CITY.

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.



"SONS OF THE EMPIRE!"

As a rule, war is much too grim and terrible a business to present any pleasing features to either side. An exception, however, must be made in the case of the present hostilities in South Africa, for every day's events there show us more forcibly the real worth of the local Volunteers, and the splendid manner in which, in her hour of need, they have been coming forward on behalf of the Empire has been a bright spot in the history of the campaign. Over and over again, within the last few months, they have rendered the Mother Country the most valuable services, and their gallant conduct on the hard-fought field at Eland's Laagte, and half-a-dozen other places, has earned for them the highest encomiums from the Imperial officers under whom they served on these occasions.

Of the various Colonial-raised corps who, side by side with their comrades-in-arms of the Regular Forces, have lately been so worthily upholding the honour of the English Flag in Natal, the most conspicuous is undoubtedly that one known as "The Imperial Light Horse." Although this little body consists of but five hundred men, and has been in existence only a few months, it has already gained for itself a reputation of which many a far-longer-established regiment would be proud. The circumstances under which it came to be formed were briefly these—

When the "Jameson Raid," of unfortunate memory, was taking place, the "Reform Committee" in Johannesburg hastily organised a body of men with the avowed intention of joining forces with "Dr. Jim." As everyone knows, however, the theory was never put into practice, and the would-be leaders of the sortie that failed were fined and imprisoned for their share in the disastrous enterprise.

The chief Johannesburg residents thus affected were Messrs. Woolls Sampson and Karri Davies. While experiencing the enforced hospitality of President Kruger in Pretoria Jail, these two gentlemen matured a plan for turning the tables on their captors, should opportunity ever arise. This was to take the shape of privately enlisting a *corps d'élite*, to be composed of the very best specimens of Colonial manhood procurable, for the reinforcing of the Imperial troops in South Africa as soon as war should be declared—for, in common with all other politicians in the country, they foresaw the war that is in progress at the present moment, at least two years ago.

Being men of deeds rather than of talk, Messrs. Sampson and Davies set to work, as soon as they were restored to liberty, to enrol the names of suitable candidates for the ranks of a regiment of Irregular Horse. So many applications to join this were received that it became possible to exercise the strictest selection, and the result was that only the very pick of the would-be members of the prospective corps were finally accepted. Among these were some of the most prominent men in Johannesburg—doctors, merchants, clerks, miners, lawyers, and teachers, &c.—every class being represented. Of each person offering himself for enlistment, certain qualifications were rigorously demanded. These were, chiefly, those of an unswerving allegiance to their officers, a high degree of proficiency in riding and shooting, and a thorough knowledge of the surrounding country. While preference was given to men of Colonial birth, a considerable percentage of those enrolled were English to the backbone.

Of course, so long as Mr. Kruger declined to show his hand, the newly formed corps had to keep very much in the background, and it is extremely doubtful if one quarter of the population of "the Golden City" knew of its existence until four months ago. When, however, war was at length declared, the necessity for secrecy existed no longer. Accordingly, overtures were promptly made to the Home Government, and sanction obtained for the employment on active service of a corps of Imperial Light Horse, to consist of five hundred officers and men. These, naturally, were furnished from the privately enrolled contingent referred to.

The command of the regiment devolved upon Colonel Scott-Chisholme, an ex-officer of the 5th Lancers, and a soldier who had distinguished himself in the Afghan Campaign of 1878. Among the other holders of commissions in the corps were Major Woolls Sampson, Captain John Orr, and Captain Charles Mullins. Like Major Sampson, the last-named was a Reform Committee prisoner, and had been confined for some time in Pretoria Jail. Accordingly, it will be readily understood that neither he nor his brother-officers were particularly animated with feelings of personal affection towards "Oom Paul's" burghers.

It was not long before the newly raised squadrons were called upon to stain their maiden blades. On Oct. 21, at Eland's Laagte, they went into action for the first time. In this they are declared to have acquitted themselves like veterans, and to have won high praise from General French, who directed the operations on this occasion. That they were in the hottest part of the fire there is no doubt, for their proportion of casualties was higher than that of any other body of troops engaged in the same battle. Altogether, their total losses amounted to seven killed and forty-four wounded. Among the former was their gallant commander, Colonel Scott-Chisholme, and among the latter were Major Woolls Sampson and Lieutenant R. W. Barnes, the Regimental Adjutant.

Since thus tasting blood, the Imperial Light Horse have distinguished themselves on several other occasions, in every one of which they have shown themselves to be true Sons of the Empire. Before the war is brought to an end, it is safe to assert that we shall hear still more of them, for both officers and men of the "I.L.H." have demonstrated in a most convincing manner that they have no doubts whatever as to the advisability of slaying as many of their "brother Boers" as possible.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

It is not necessary for the British public to bow to itself in the looking-glass in recognition of its own surpassing nobleness of attitude over the present unlucky war. We have (as usual) underrated an enemy, and sent out men and munitions too late. This, added to a run of bad luck and some bad blunders, has reduced our campaign, without any surpassing skill and courage on the part of the enemy, to a disagreeable deadlock. That is all; it is bad enough, but not anything like so bad as it might very easily have been, and to say that we are not tearing our hair and conspuing our Cabinet and Generals is merely to say that we are not abject idiots. Ordinary sanity is no credit to any man or nation. Even when the Boers are finished with, we shall have no special cause for congratulation, for it is our own fault that they were ever able to give such trouble. Mr. Gladstone surrendered to the Boers, as he did to anything (except the Tory Party) that looked dangerous; but who put Mr. Gladstone into office and kept him there?

But while the attitude of the nation chiefly concerned has been (possibly) adequately sensible and not too undignified, the same cannot be said of our Continental friends. Not one of them cares to take a hand for the Boers at present, and such a decision is sensible enough, for the British Navy still exists, and such of the European nations as have colonies know that those colonies would be mere relishes to John Bull's appetite for the tough Boer's head with the Orange in its mouth. But, having decided to remain neutral in the war, other States should be neutral, and should not adopt an attitude only justifiable if they were allies of the Transvaal, and not even then.

For instance, a sample of the French mind can be seen in the lovely little Lancer story of the *Libre Parole*. A British Lancer regiment, it seems, has disappeared from the earth. How? It was massacring the Boer wounded, when a fresh commando came on it. Then, it seems, the murderous Lancers hoisted the white flag; but the avenging Boers shot them all down. This anecdote is given on the authority of De Villebois Mareuil, or something of that sort, a distinguished French officer now on Joubert's Staff. We know these distinguished French officers—they come from Rennes—so perhaps Mareuil *did* tell that story; but we also know our *Libre Parole*, so it is more probable he did *not*. Of course, no British Lancer regiment has disappeared. A squadron of Hussars was intercepted and captured (*not* shot down) after Glencoe. Some Lancers killed some Boers at Eland's Laagte, but no rescuing or avenging commando turned up, and the Lancers are at present in Ladysmith, or near it. The 9th Lancers were thought by some to be lost after the Enslin fight, for they were sent to pursue, and "the result was not known." But they came back, and are now reconnoitring at Modder River. The whole story is a composite lie, framed out of three facts belonging to entirely different places and times.

But let us take a more creditable critic. No less a person than M. Valfrey, of the *Figaro*, who is called "an eminent publicist," because he is always writing about foreign affairs, seriously argued that when our Government notified to the other Governments that it was at war, England suffered the humiliation of being compelled to acknowledge the Transvaal as independent and internationally her equal. And the writer who said this is thought to know something of international law. One of the elementary rules in any elementary treatise on that subject is that recognition of belligerency is not recognition of independence, but merely the formal acknowledgment that a state of war exists. The case always quoted as an illustration is that of the United States in 1861-5. The Confederates were soon recognised as belligerents; otherwise no blockade of their coasts could well have been enforced. Their independence never did get recognised at all. Now, either the eminent publicist does not know an elementary rule of his own pet subject, or he was so anxious to prove England to be humiliated that he wilfully perpetrated a schoolboy blunder.

Again, take the case of the German mail-steamer captured on suspicion of contraband. It is obvious to any intelligent man that the Boers will want to replenish their arsenals and recruit their ranks during the war; it is also obvious that they can now get such supplies only by way of Portuguese territory, and by means of German or French steamers. It is, therefore, highly probable that they will try to smuggle in men and munitions by every available German boat; and Dr. Leyds' denial of the fact makes it practically certain. Soldiers and munitions of war, if found on board the steamer, are good prize, and may make her good prize too; if no contraband of war is on board, an indemnity for delay is due. But the right exercised is one that must belong to a belligerent, and it is exercised in the only way possible. Yet German newspapers, presumably edited by educated men, call such a seizure "piratical." Why? Because a German steamer has been captured by a British cruiser. For all they know, the hold of the German boat may be full of cartridges in piano-cases, and "agricultural machinery" that, when put together, makes "Long Toms."

And what of the sympathy of saintly Russia for the wounded—that elaborate Red Cross Mission going out with cases of "surgical appliances"—not agricultural machinery or pianos this time? We know that Red Cross Mission—so did the Italians in Abyssinia.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

As far as can be gleaned up to the present, our New Year with the two noughts does not seem likely to give us much in the shape of absolutely new plays. Both Mr. Tree and Messrs. Harrison and Maude are, and at



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS DR. JOHNSON, IN THE PIECE OF THAT NAME, AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

such important theatres as Her Majesty's and the Haymarket, respectively content to rely upon revivals. Perhaps there is wisdom in this. At all events, it saves authors' fees at one of the worst seasons the stage has known for some years. Indeed, what with the war and what with wholesale illness and mourning, thousands of families have been kept from playgoing.

The only new play which has appeared this year is "The Masked Ball," the Criterion production of which is noticed elsewhere in this issue. And this is but a comparatively unimportant affair, being merely an adaptation from the French made in America. No actual date is at present fixed for any other new play. Even Mr. Alexander, who seldom, if ever, has had to postpone his productions, cannot at the moment definitely fix his date for producing "Rupert of Hentzau," by reason of the fact that his new St. James's Theatre is still in the hands of the builders and decorators. Mr. Wyndham is silent as regards new plays, and, like Mr. Tree and Messrs. Harrison and Maude, talks at present only of revivals, including Mr. Pinero's once successful farce, "Dandy Dick," and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's once otherwise comedy, "The Crusaders."

The new plays to be produced in the more or less near future include "The Messenger Girl," which Messrs. Alfred Murray and J. T. Tanner have written for the Gaiety, where the long run of "A Runaway Girl" finishes next Saturday. Mr. Edwardes, who has re-engaged Mr. E. J. Lonnen to appear in the new piece, has not yet fixed any actual date for this production. Mr. Martin Harvey seems still undecided as to his production to follow "The Only Way," which will presently celebrate its anniversary at the Prince of Wales's, but we are promised a Spanish play or two—including one written by Echegaray and entitled "The Stain that Cleanses"—at some Prince of Wales's February matinées with which Miss Kate Rorke is concerned. Later, Miss Rorke will, at the Princess of Wales's, which is Kennington way, revive Mr. Pinero's fine play, "The Squire," which caused such a heated controversy in the early 'eighties by reason of its startling resemblance to Thomas Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd." The story was subsequently dramatised by Mr. Comyns Carr, but it did not achieve much renown.

Since I last wrote, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has engaged Miss Louie Freear to play Puck in his said-to-be gorgeous production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is due at Her Majesty's to-night (Wednesday). This engagement means the adding of another very heavy salary to the already many heavy salaries for the cast—a cast including, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Tree and Miss Freear, Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. Franklin McLeay, and Mr. Lewis Waller. Miss Freear is not, as some appeared to recently think, a stranger to the character of Puck. She often played it with Mr. Ben Greet, who, by the way, arranged, some time ago, to give a grand revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" himself. Indeed, at one time it seemed likely that he would be concerned with Mr. Tree in such a revival, and negotiations went on awhile to that end.

The said Mr. Greet has just tried in the country, and with apparent success, a new play, written by the popular novelist who calls herself Edna Lyell. It is entitled "In Spite of All."

"The Belle of New York" company, which has for nearly two years enlivened Shaftesbury patrons, sailed per the *St. Paul* for New York on Saturday, after a farewell supper on Thursday at the Hôtel Cecil—a supper lasting well on towards the breakfast-hour of Friday. Many will be glad to know that these merry people are to return to London next April, in a new play which they are to try in New York City about a fortnight after their return thereto.

In the under-line to Mr. H. T. Brickwell's portrait in a recent number of *The Sketch*, that gentleman was described as "producer" of the lively "Puss in Boots" pantomime at the Garrick. The credit of "producing" this difficult work is due to Mr. Percy Nash.

Miss Nellie Stewart, happily recovered from the illness which prevented her playing on Boxing Night, is now successfully appearing as "principal boy" in the Drury Lane pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell starts management entirely on her own account at the Royalty to-morrow (Thursday). For the present she also will try no new play, but will resume the run of "The Canary" and "The Sacrament of Judas." Owing to the widely regretted illness of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, that gentleman's part in the last-named play will be undertaken by Mr. Frank Mills, an American actor who has already done excellent work on our stage. At the time of writing, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, I am sorry to say, does not seem likely to be able to play for many weeks to come.

In consequence of the Lyceum being wanted in February for



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS SQUIRE CHIVY IN "DAVID GARRICK," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

Mr. F. R. Benson's Shaksperian Season, Mr. H. H. Cameron is arranging to take "The Snow Man" to another theatre.

Yet another adaptation of the religious novel "In His Steps" is threatened. This one is by Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Sutton Vane, who have, it appears, thrown in (as might be expected from them) a dash of melodrama.

"The Mystical Miss" has been transferred from the Comedy to the Shaftesbury Theatre, recently vacated by "The Belle of New York," who has gone back to her native city. Mr. Hopper was affected by the weather, and could not do himself justice, but the gay little soubrette, Miss Jessie Mackay, was able to resist to a great extent these adverse influences, singing and acting with great vivacity. There are some very amusing incidents in "The Mystical Miss," and they are seen to greater advantage on the larger stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre. Among the funny scenes most appreciated were the billiard-match in dumb-show and the mock cricket-match. "The Mystical Miss" is likely to have a host of new admirers at the Shaftesbury.

Lovers of athletics will at present find in the programme of the Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, a great feast of entertainment, for out of twelve "turns" there are no less than seven devoted to some form of muscular exhibition, inclusive of the wonderful acrobatic dance, entitled "La Valse Tourbillon," executed by Les Alex. The last nights of Mrs. Brown-Potter's recital of "Ordered to the Front" are announced, so that intending visitors must hurry up. An equally important item is Mr. Arthur Roberts with three new songs which are characteristically exceedingly Arthurian.

Patriotic poems are very much to the fore at present, and Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose success with "Ordered to the Front" has been so marked at the Empire, is constantly receiving requests to give her services and her recitation for patriotic purposes. To-day (Wednesday), she recites at Cassiobury for Lady Essex and the Primrose League, and on the 20th inst. she is reciting again in the Midlands for Lady Warwick and the Yeomanry Fund.

I am able to contradict, on the best authority, the statement that Mr. Owen Hall is writing a musical comedy for Mr. George Edwardes. As a matter of fact, the author of "The Geisha" is otherwise bound, being engaged in the distant future to write for Mr. Tom B. Davis the successor to "Florodora."

A young nephew of Mr. Chamberlain is the proprietor of the Alhambra Theatre at Brussels. It is not much known that Lord Salisbury is the ground-landlord of the site on which Wyndham's Theatre is built.

OLD COMEDIES AT THE HAYMARKET.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude's Old Comedy revivals at the Haymarket, starting last night (Tuesday) with "She Stoops to Conquer," are in such accordance with the fitness of things as regards this house that one is astonished to find, upon meditation, nearly twenty years have past since, during the famous Bancroft season, old comedies were last seen at this erstwhile famous Old Comedy house. In the first theatre on this spot Peg Woffington was wont to play certain then new comedies over a hundred years before the production at the second Haymarket of the play in which she figures as the heroine—"Masks and Faces," to wit. Mistress Woffington's season was nearly fifty years before the production of the three old comedies at present selected for the latest revivals, including "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

It was with "The Rivals" that the second Haymarket opened nearly eighty-years ago, and it was this play that formed the last of the two Old Comedy revivals during the Bancroft régime. The other play was "She Stoops to Conquer," and in it Mrs. Langtry played Kate Harcastle. The Bancrofts' revival of "The Rivals" is memorable for more reasons than one. In the first place, that since distinguished actor Mr. Forbes-Robertson was the Captain Absolute; Miss Calhoun, Lydia Languish; Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Malaprop; Mr. Lionel Brough, Bob Acres; and Mr. Pinero (then an actor and budding writer of curtain-raisers) played Sir Anthony Absolute, and played it in a remarkably original manner. Secondly, this revival will be remembered by Old Comedy students for the sweeping alterations and revisions made by the said Mr. Pinero in the old play. Among previous revivals of this comedy at the Haymarket was one in 1879, in which Mrs. Bernard Beere was the Lydia Languish; the late J. S. Clarke, Bob Acres; Henry Howe, old Absolute; and poor William Terriss, Captain Absolute. And in another revival a year later, another young dramatist who has since become distinguished—namely, Mr. Richard Claude Carton—played Faulkland; and Julia was represented by Mrs. Carton (Miss Compton), whose father was so long a leading comedian at the Haymarket.

The most famous Old Comedy revivals at the Haymarket within the memory of living playgoers, however, were, of course, those of the Buckstone period, extending from what Mr. Clement Scott would call the Early 'Fifties—down to the late 'seventies. The three plays just selected by Messrs. Harrison and Maude were especial favourites at the Haymarket at that time, plus, on occasions, such less-known specimens as "The Busybody" (with Buckstone as Marplot), and, on still rarer occasions, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," "Speed the Plough," and so on. In those days, ardent playgoers (such as the present writer) would travel many miles and go night after night to see Buckstone as Tony Lumpkin and Bob Acres, and Compton as Crabtree, Chippendale (or "Old Chip,"

as he was called) as old Harcastle, old Absolute, and Sir Peter Teazle; little Clark as Diggory, Pag, &c. It was in the latter half of the Buckstone period (in 1866, to be exact) that a very young actress, afterwards to be one of the leading lights of the English stage, began to be the Haymarket's Kate Harcastle, Lydia Languish, and Lady Teazle. This was the late Tom Robertson's youngest sister, Madge (now Mrs. Kendal). Mr. Kendal also joined the company about the same time, playing young Marlow, Jack Absolute, and Charles Surface. Few surviving Haymarket patrons of those days will forget the grace and sweetness of the beautiful and queenly girl, Madge Robertson, the courtliness and suavity of "Old Chip," the finished art of Henry Howe, and the broad humours of old Buckstone and Mrs. Chippendale, whose impersonations of Mrs. Harcastle, Mrs. Malaprop, and Mrs. Candour were delightful in the extreme.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude intend, it is clear, to mount these deeply interesting revivals with the same care and cost that they have bestowed on all the new plays they have produced. Mr. Maude, the Harcastle, Bob Acres, and Sir Peter Teazle, and Mr. Harrison, who is later to play Faulkland and Sir Benjamin Backbite, are all but new to this class of work. The delightful Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), however, has played in certain of these comedies, notably in "The Rivals," her Lydia Languish, at the Vaudeville, being among the most cherished recollections of London playgoers. The remainder of the Haymarket's new Old Comedy recruits are mostly players of high artistic merit, including Mr. Paul Arthur for young Marlow, young Absolute, and Charles Surface; Mr. George Giddens, the Tony Lumpkin of the present bill; and that highly humorous actress, Miss M. A. Victor, for Mrs. Harcastle, Mrs. Malaprop, and Mrs. Candour. Such players as Mr. Sydney Valentine and Mr. Mark Kinghorne are, of course, also of much value in these plays, both comedians having played many parts in each of the three comedies in all sorts of companies all over what Mr. Micawber would call "the habitable Globe."

It seems not unlikely that Messrs. Harrison and Maude will adopt a suggestion recently thrown out in *The Sketch*, and add to these revivals old Holcroft's once enormously popular comedy, "The Road to Ruin." Such a consummation were more or less devoutly to be wished; for, although this diligent old shoemaker-playwright's comedy is, of course, far inferior in a literary sense to the above-named works of Goldsmith and Sheridan, yet it is cleverly constructed and abounds with remarkably contrasted character-studies. Actors of the highest type—including such comedians as Munden, Bannister (both of whom were so beloved by "Elia" Lamb), Dowton, Russell, Edwin, and Lewis—were wont to achieve immense popularity in this play. Indeed, the usually droll Munden's deeply pathetic acting as the distracted but always forgiving father, old Dornton (his original part), has become historical. The highly emotional portions of "The Road to Ruin" appear to have made it, during the infancy of the nineteenth century, quite the "East Lynne" of its period.

With the exception of a few fitful performances by Mr. Edward Compton and Co., "The Road to Ruin" has not been seen on the English stage since its revival at the Vaudeville some twenty years ago, with William Farren and Charles Warner as the elder and younger Dornton respectively, Thomas Thorne as Sulky, and the late David James as Goldfinch—who is so eager to "D—n all dancing-masters and their umbrellas!" One can see an ideal cast at the Haymarket for this play. For Mr. Maude there is the choice of old Dornton and Goldfinch. Should he choose the former, where could one find a better Goldfinch than Mr. Giddens? For Sulky, who better than Mr. Kinghorne or Mr. Valentine? For young Dornton there is either Mr. Paul Arthur or Mr. Frederick Harrison, and what a delightful Widow Warren Miss Victor would be! The only drawback to this piece at the Haymarket would be the fact that the heroine's part, Sophia, is but a mere ingénue, and therefore would not afford an actress of Miss Emery's abilities anything like such scope as Kate Harcastle, Lady Teazle, or even Lydia Languish, the least important part of the three. Miss Emery, being a lover of her art, would, however, doubtless represent this small heroine in "The Road to Ruin," and thus follow in the footsteps of that grand actress, Mrs. Stirling, who at this very theatre, sixty years ago, played Sophia to the Widow Warren of Mrs. Glover and to the old Dornton of that great actor Samuel Phelps.

But whether Cobbler Holcroft's best of his many pieces, or whether old Thomas Morton's fine old play, "Speed the Plough," or the sometimes saucy Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, "The Busybody"—or all three—be added to the Haymarket's newest Old Comedy series or not, the revivals already fixed, and now leading off with the splendidly mounted "She Stoops to Conquer," should arouse deep interest and attract extensive patronage pending the production of Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play, which deals with the highest of High Life.—H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Professor Max Müller is speaking of the things nearest his heart in his second volume of reminiscences, "Auld Lang Syne" (Longmans). In the first he spoke of people he had met in London, in Oxford, in Germany, and elsewhere. Oxford anecdotes, tales of musicians, beggars, and royal personages, filled an amusing-enough book. But this one, devoted to recollections of his Indian friends—both men and books—is of far higher value. His interpretation of Indian myths has been combated vigorously; but, at least, he is one of the few Westerners who have entered into a true communion with the Indian mind. The present volume is a long record of generous efforts to understand and do justice to an alien philosophy and civilisation.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 10, 5.11; Thursday, 5.12; Friday, 5.13; Saturday, 5.15; Sunday, 5.16; Monday, 5.18; Tuesday, 5.19.

To those of us whose only interest in cycling is that of the pleasure-seeker, this year will bring the usual amount of enjoyment, if only we can avoid those terrors of our existence—rainy months. The number of mince-pies I have eaten this last fortnight I have really lost count of; but, if their significance of happy months means to me, as a wheelman, I am to have good cycling, then I can pose as a prophet and announce that this coming season will be the most delightful we have ever had. But were I a cycle-manufacturer, I am afraid the mince-pies, instead of bringing happy months, would bring only indigestion. The future is black indeed. Nobody is to blame but the manufacturers themselves. They over-capitalised their concerns, and have now the greatest difficulty to pay even a small dividend. Everybody has a bicycle, and so the demand of two and three years ago is satisfied. Besides, people don't now think it necessary to get a new wheel every spring. The thumping of the drum and the "booming" of the "free-wheel" was a clever business-move. It was anticipated that cyclists would throw their machines on one side or sell them for old iron and clamour for "free-wheels." Personally, I have been roundly abused because I declined to join in the enthusiasm over the "free-wheel," and now, after a fair trial, the public has shown no enthusiasm either. Of course, this next summer we will see many "free-wheels" on the road, but it will be a passing fad, and by this time next year free-wheelers will be getting their machines re-converted to a fixed gear. Now, bicycle-manufacturers, finding no demand for ordinary machines, and the public decidedly sceptical in regard to "free-wheels," are turning their attention to the—building of motors.

It is probable that in the summer there will be another organised tour for the members of the C.T.C. The tour in the Lake District last year was anything but a success. The weather was bad; but, what was much worse, only forty members mustered out of a total of sixty thousand. There are drawbacks, of course, to a large number of cyclists going about in a body, the chief of which is the lack of suitable accommodation. But what the C.T.C. might very well do this next summer would be to arrange several tours in the most picturesque parts of the country. The advantage of this would be that members could make their own selection, and, in many cases, save expense by not having to travel long distances. All last summer I advocated that the greatest pleasure was to be obtained by touring from a centre rather than continuously from place to place. You can't see the country if you keep only to the main roads. Many of the letters I received from wheelmen who had toured from a centre corroborated what had long been my opinion. Therefore the C.T.C. would not be ill-advised if they arranged a number of such tours in the Highlands, Lake District, Derbyshire, East Anglia, Wales, and in the West.

Cyclists are now agitating for a universal Lighting Act, making it compulsory on the drivers of all vehicles, whether travelling or standing, to carry lights at night. In parts of the country, it is compulsory to have these only on conveyances that are on the move, and so more than one cycling accident has occurred by reason of collision with some lampless vehicle left by the side of the highway. Just as cyclists are obliged to have lamps, or be fined, so should some regulation be made applicable to carts and other conveyances.

The young man who, a year or two ago, made the income of an Ambassador on the racing-track now finds that, like Othello, his occupation is gone. Racing in the North of England is not quite in so bad a way as in the South, but still there is a very decided slump in the public interest, for people don't care to see races where the competitors are not amateurs actuated by the spirit of sport, but hirelings in the employ of companies to advertise particular machines or tyres. So there is now a great deal of talk about racing-men emigrating for a while to Australia, where folk are more interested in cycle-racing than we have ever been in this country. This next summer at the Paris Exhibition there are likely to be some good contests, and it would be interesting if the crack riders of America, England, Germany, and France could be got together on the same track.

A good deal of scorn fell to my lot last winter because I advanced that a tyre not fully inflated was less likely to side-slip than one tightly inflated. I admit the advice, at the first blush, might seem absurd. But I write from experience, and I rather fancy that I have ridden over more muddy roads than any man alive. Therefore, as dirty roads and side-slips are now prevalent, I again advise that one of the best ways to reduce the possibility of slipping is to allow a little air to escape from the valve, so that in riding the tyre presents a flat surface to the road. When you think of it for a moment, you will see that a tyre pumped tight and taut presents a rounded surface, and this, on a greasy road, is much more likely to slip than when the tyre at the place of contact is flat. Of course, too much air must not be allowed to escape, or else damage will be done to the rim. The only drawback to my suggestion is that it somewhat retards speed; you travel swifter on a taut tyre than on one only three-parts inflated.

Another thing to avoid in riding over muddy roads is holding the handle-bars too tightly. When the back-wheel slips and you have the handle-bars tight, the two wheels are out of sympathy, and down you are likely to come. But if you hold the handle-bars fairly loosely, so

that the front-wheel, while travelling, can move somewhat to come into sympathy with the progressing direction of the back-wheel, the risk of a fall is much less. The tendency is, of course, to grip the handle-bars tight, while the safest plan is to hold them slack.

Have you never noticed that ladies ride over greasy, muddy roads much easier than men? The reason is that a man appreciates his danger, gets nervous, and comes down. The ladies, especially novices, are oblivious there is any danger at all, so give it no thought, nor grip their handle-bars any tighter, but go on gracefully and easily, as though they possessed charmed lives. Of course, one might give yards of advice, but it would be of little use if people did not practise and find out for themselves. It is interesting, when you are out on a muddy road, and there is no one to laugh if you have a tumble, to practise what you can do with a machine.

There has been a cry raised because a magistrate at Allahabad, in India, severely punished a native for riding his bicycle "hands off." The punishment was too severe, and it has been mitigated. The principle, however, of fining cyclists who persist in riding through traffic "hands off" is most certainly to be commended. Now and then, on a country road, or during a long spin, there is nothing to be said against a rider letting go the handle-bars and easing his shoulders; but, in traffic, to do such a thing is not only reckless but dangerous. Moreover, it is generally done from a mere desire to show-off. All of us have seen a man coming along in the distance riding in the ordinary way, and then, on getting close at hand, suddenly leaving go the bars and whizzing past, giving one an inviting look to admire his cycling. With "hands off" one loses a good deal of control, and there is more than a possibility of accidents. It would do no harm if the police had instructions to summon people who thus ride to the danger of the public. Better still, clubs might have rules prohibiting any of their members riding this way in a town. One of the best clubs in America maintains its high reputation for being composed of gentlemen with bye-rules that its members shall not ride in the streets "hands off," and that the handle-bar shall not be lower than the seat. This has a good effect, because it prevents any of the members riding in that bent, cramped position beloved of the "scorcher."

One of the distressing things in connection with cycling is the increasing number of gentlemen's parks that are being closed to cyclists. Years ago there were few private parks which were prohibited to the wheelman. Now it is all the other way. The reckless riding of many cyclists, their vulgar jokes and remarks as they passed people to whom the park belonged, have naturally raised a spirit of antagonism. And so gates are being shut which were formerly left most willingly open. The latest case is that of Lord Massy, of Killakee, in Ireland. He was walking along his own drive when a number of cyclists overtook him. Because he didn't skip out of their way quite as quickly as they wanted, they had some very uncomplimentary remarks to make about his age, and what they would like done to him. As a lord is still a human being, it is not to be wondered at that Lord Massy gave instructions straightway that henceforth no cyclists were to be permitted within his grounds. Thus the great body of wheelmen have had to suffer for the wrong-doing of the blatant few.

Constantly am I receiving letters from all over the country agreeing that it would be in the interests of cyclists themselves if we had both taxation and registration. I don't mind the amount of the tax, whether it be a shilling, half-a-crown, or five shillings a-year, but it should not exceed this. A tax must accompany registration. I want a means whereby the blackguards who are doing so much to injure cycling can be recognised and punished. If those wheelmen who insulted Lord Massy had had a distinguishing plate and number, his lordship could easily have found out who they were, and, if they belonged to a club, then the men could have been expelled. Such an action would have a very salutary effect on the other members.

There was a paragraph in one of the papers the other day that English cycles were the most popular in Southern Russia. This I can bear out from personal knowledge. The mere fact that a machine is of English make gives it a reputation in many parts of the Continent of being really good, and, therefore, riders pay twenty-five or forty per cent. more for English machines than they do for those of German and American manufacture. What has struck me much in cycling abroad is the habit of particular districts to adopt one particular kind of English-made bicycle. In Hungary, Roumania, and in Russia I have come across little groups of cyclists all riding machines of English manufacture, but of makes hardly known in England itself. Doubtless somebody has had an English third- or fourth-grade machine, and, as it is better than anything else in the district, whoever wants an English-made wheel orders that pattern.

The fact that the G.P.O. has adopted a motor-car for distributing parcels in parts of Scotland is hailed as evidence that the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are really very much up-to-date. Why, three years ago, on a road in Russian Armenia, I remember seeing a motor-car used by the Russian Post Office in carrying letters! It was certainly an odd part of the world in which to come across such a modern contrivance. Our own authorities are following, and not leading, other countries. Parenthetically, I may remark that it is surprising motor-omnibuses are not more numerous in London. Up in Edinburgh they have obtained public favour, and there must be dozens of them on the streets.—J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Now that the Spring entries are known, lovers of racing have something besides the war to talk about, and the amateur handicappers are once more on the war-path. It is really surprising the amount of work the amateur statistician puts into his handicap. He analyses the form of every horse engaged, and produces what on paper passes for a very clever production. But, unfortunately, the elements are generally against him, for horses which have run well in the autumn often fail to reproduce that form in the following spring, while, on the other hand, a winter rest sometimes improves the form of autumn disappointments by several pounds. I have come to the conclusion that the early Spring Handicap form is not worth following, and the history of the Lincoln Handicap shows that horses running prominently in that race are little or no good in the same class as the season advances.

Some of the big commission-agents are piling up money, and they evidently know how to make their business pay. I am told of one agent who has just built to himself a mansion at a cost of something like £20,000; and there are others. If all I hear is true, the commission-agents at times receive very big presents, and I know of a case where a member of the fraternity received no less than £10,000 for working a commission on a Cambridgeshire winner. True, his principal netted the biggest amount that was ever got over a winner of this particular race, but I thought the present to the agent a very handsome one. Some of the commission-agents, having plenty of clients, find themselves on a certainty to nothing by simply levelling up their transactions. I think the successful agent does even better than the successful layer, and the former takes no risks.

I made a suggestion in these columns, some years ago, that the Newmarket reporter's pass should admit the bearer to any meeting held under Jockey Club Rules. Under present conditions, a racing reporter who has to travel the complete circle finds himself loaded with various Press passes which require some looking after. I am glad to observe that Messrs. Pratt and Co. issue one simple card which covers all the meetings held under their management, and as they control Alexandra Park, Gatwick, Lewes, Plumpton, and the Newmarket steeplechase fixtures, this, the latest reform, will lighten the reporter's burden somewhat. The system of face presentation adopted by Mr. H. M. Dorling at Epsom and at Brighton is not a bad one, by-the-bye, as it is impossible to leave one's pass at home under this rule. But the great drawback to the face rule is that the Clerk of the Course has to work somewhat on the principle of a railway booking-clerk, while the poor passengers must await their turn.

An Englishman's antidote to work is excitement of some sort. Thus it is we find so many of our fellow-countrymen engaging in manly sports and pastimes. But of late the war has to a great extent dwarfed the interest in everything else, and many men who for years followed the steeplechase meetings without a break prefer now to stay at home and read the war-news at their clubs. The consequence of all this is that gates at the jumping-meetings have been very poor up to now, and they are not likely to improve until operations have ceased in South Africa. The display of patriotism made by the nobility and gentry of this country is a thing to be proud of, and the moralisers will have to admit that even the good sportsmen are, first and foremost, good citizens and perfect patriots. They are not the selfish men they have been painted.

One or two sportsmen (myself included) have organised a unique little scheme on behalf of a certain regiment at "the front." We have collected and sent out something like five hundred old briar-pipes. The men asked

for pipes that had been smoked. We found no difficulty in soon getting the lot together from our little circle, but I forgot entirely to call upon an old friend of mine for help. I refer to the Editor of the *Sporting Times*. If he has not mended his ways, this gentleman must have at least fifty old pipes in use. When we were colleagues on a sporting daily, he always kept a pipe in stock for each day of the month, and two for Sundays. Yet, withal, such an ardent smoker was he that many of those pipes would have been too much even for a weather-beaten Boer, and, could we but make of them pipers all under the conditions named, the rest would be very plain sailing indeed.

By-the-bye, I am not so sure that a few field-glasses would not be acceptable to our men at "the front." An enterprising sportsman with time on his hands could easily collect a few hundred pairs and send them out, while it is scarcely necessary to remind those gentlemen who are off to the war to take their glasses with them. Out of this little dissertation there comes an idea. I think a thoroughly tried racing journalist—say, Mr. C. Greenwood, who has been looking through his field-glasses for the last twenty years, while describing the minute details of racing—would be of great service in doing the spying for the Headquarter Staff. I do not want "Hotspur" to be sent off to "the front," far from it. I am, however, certain sure that he could teach many of our best men something in the matter of spying out the land. Khaki, cerise, pink, scarlet, blue, grey, and yellow are all the same to Mr. Greenwood. If there were colours about, he would locate them every time, and perhaps tell us what they "lost" by.

The statement just made, that Tom Loates does not intend to accept a retainer for 1900, reminds me of my suggestion, made in this column recently, that all retainers should be abolished. The refresher in the shape of riding fees is, in my opinion, quite sufficient for an owner to pay, and, depend on it, those owners who pay retainers to good jockeys often find their horses handicapped right up to their best form, as the weight-adjusters are only human, after all, and the fact that a certain horse will of necessity be ridden by a certain jockey of the top class must at times weigh with them when they are framing the

weights. The owner who simply promised a leading jockey a cabinet photo of his (the owner's) wife, for riding a St. Leger winner at a big price, has met with plenty of success on the Turf, and no doubt he considered the five pounds' winning fee sufficient for the job, as, after all, a winner is only a winner.

CAPTAIN COE.

A YOUNG NIMROD.

This youthful sportsman is Clarence H. Kilpatrick, aged fifteen years and eight months, son of the Sergeant-Major of the 49th Battery Royal Field Artillery. The lad commenced shooting in the jungle when he was only fourteen, soon after arriving at Belgaum. Fine shooting may be had within about ten miles, for Cheetal deer and wild-boar abound, also smaller game, such as florican, partridge, snipe, jungle-fowl, and hares.

The picture shows Master Kilpatrick with some of his trophies, which he has shot within the past twelve months or so. The larger game are obtained by having "beaters"—that is, natives who are hired at so much for the day—and they beat the jungle, making a terrible noise, to drive the game in the direction where the sportsman is posted, he selecting a buck or a boar as the animals come towards him. The deer are harmless, but a boar, if wounded, will "go for you," as the one shown in the picture did for the young sportsman, though the animal fortunately got its quietus before it could do any damage. For smaller game dogs are used.



THE YOUNG SHIKARI: CLARENCE KILPATRICK, AGED FIFTEEN YEARS AND EIGHT MONTHS.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 24.

THE WEEK.

The chief feature of the markets during the past week has been the disinclination on the part of both professional and amateur operators to do business. In truth, the markets have been "marking time," and everybody is waiting for the next move of the War-game in Natal. A very good business was the other day offered to a large promoter of our acquaintance, and a deposit of £20,000 required. In ordinary times, the business would have been done at once; but, as our friend the promoter remarked, "I should practically be putting down my money on the chance of a victory by General Buller, which I do not think good enough under present circumstances," and the deal was left undone. The same kind of spirit pervades the whole of the Stock Markets. Probably the Industrial section is feeling the effects of the present position more acutely than any other, for, except in things such as Vickers, Armstrong, and the like, there is absolutely no business of any kind doing.

Money has become cheaper, thanks to the large sums distributed by way of interest and dividends, and discounts have in consequence fallen away until the usual quotation has become $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. If things continue in this way, the Bank Rate must be put down to 5 per cent. to keep in touch with the market, especially as next week's return will probably be much stronger than the last one.

BROKEN HILLS.

Our correspondent at the great Silver centre in New South Wales sends us the following letter dealing with the prospects of the mines and the general outlook of the industry. His reviews from the spot have hitherto been so justified by after events that we feel sure this letter will be read with interest by that numerous band of readers who hold one or more of the Silver stocks with which our correspondent deals—

Broken Hill.

Nov. 29, 1899.

What I have persistently predicted for months past about the Broken Hill Mines has come to pass—a revival therein has commenced. It was thought that the war would have pulled silver stocks back, in common with all others, but the reverse, strange to say, has proved the case. I am writing this towards the end of November, and every stock along the line of lode is up. Proprietaries are at 46s. to 46s. 3d.; Block 10's, £6 7s. 6d.; Block 14, 26s.; British (old), 14s. 9d.; ditto (new), 12s. 6d.; Sulphides (Centrals), 15s. 9d. to 16s.; Souths (paid), 23s.; ditto (con.), 22s. 6d.; Junctions, 22s. 6d.; Junction Norths, 9s. 6d.; Norths, 16s. to 16s. 3d.; North Centrals, 1s. to 1s. 2d. Lead is at an excellent price, £17 per ton; silver is firming, and the mines are all looking splendid. The influenza has laid low about a third of the workmen for some time past, otherwise all the milling plants would be putting up records.

Within the past fortnight the directors of three of the mines (Block 10, Block 14, and Junction) have issued their half-yearly reports. That of Block 10 is by far the most glowing. A profit is shown for the six months ending September of £57,481. This is nearly £7000 better than for the previous half-year, and over £17,000 better than for the half-year ending September 1898. When it is remembered that the ore in the mines is becoming harder with depth, this must be accepted as most satisfactory. The price of lead is the main cause of extra profit: it averaged £14 10s. 11d. per ton. For the present six months the average will be much higher, unless the lead market suffers an alarming drop, which is not at present to be expected. Silver, too, has averaged a fraction per ounce higher. When the company began to square accounts, it found it could place £30,000 to a reserve fund, and was able also to distribute 4s. 6d. per share (3s. dividend and 1s. 6d. bonus). A comparison of the ore values of the past half-year with that ending September 1897 shows clearly the decrease in values I have laid stress on before, namely—

	Silver.	Lead.	Zinc.
September 1897 ...	17-54 oz.	20-13 per cent.	28-63 per cent.
" 1899 ...	16-35 " "	17-39 " "	21-61 " "

These, of course, are average assays. Just lately Block 10 has struck a fine lode-body at a depth of 1015 feet. Its size has not yet been determined, as driving along its course, on the hanging-wall side, is being proceeded with. The stuff taken from here assays 17 per cent. lead, 16 oz. silver, and 25 per cent. zinc. It is, of course, mixed largely with rhodonite, which is one of the bugbears in the road of successful zinc-treatment. This ore is payable, but how strong the contrast with the stuff mined at the upper levels! At the end of the half-year the company had a surplus of liquid assets over liabilities of £89,631.

Block 14, which is a smelting as well as a mining company, gave a profit for its six months of £17,000. The Junction report shows a loss on the half-year of £2000 odd, due chiefly to the directors having, when it was not absolutely necessary, written off £8936 for depreciation. This action was taken seemingly

with malice aforethought. The manager of the mine, who had taken shares forward from 1s. 6d. to 80s., having resigned his position—the result of the Junction "creep," of which I have spoken previously—the directors apparently wished to blacken his late tenure of office as much as possible. The new manager has not yet been appointed. Sir Richard Chaffey Baker, one of the new directors on the Board, is, by the way, the direct nominee of the Camden Syndicate, a wealthy English body.

The average value of the ore milled by the Junction was 9.3 oz. and 15.2 per cent. lead. From 46,720 tons of crudes, 6576 tons of concentrates were produced, averaging 23.4 oz. silver and 61.6 per cent. lead. The recovery was thus 35.4 per cent. of the silver and 57 per cent. of the lead. In other words, out of every ton of lead 11 cwt. has been saved, and 9 cwt. lost in the tailings.

The Junction directors, in common with others, are waiting anxiously the solution of the zinc problem—waiting, however, for what has come to pass. For the Australian Metal Company is profitably treating the once-despised "tailings"; but the secret of the how is still well kept. Acting, however, on the knowledge that electro-magnetic separation was the key-note, local mining-men have put their skill to work, and the first decided result is announced by the directors of Block 14.

They declare: "Hitherto the concentration product known as 'seconds or zincs' has had to be stacked on the mine, awaiting the discovery of some practicable method for eliminating from it the mixture of useless material, such as rhodonite, garnet, &c., which so far reduces the percentage of the zinc contents as to make the product comparatively valueless, notwithstanding that it contains notable proportions of both lead and silver. As the rhodonite and garnet have specific gravities closely approaching to that of the zinc ore, the efforts to produce a marketable zinc product by re-concentration have not met with success. Our General Manager (Mr. Greenway) has, however, invented an electro-magnetic machine by means of which the desired separation can be readily effected, and he has worked out a process for separating and recovering the bulk of the lead and silver, and producing a high-grade zinc product which

will command a ready sale. The treatment, as a whole, is simple, and presents the advantage that it can be readily carried on in conjunction with the company's present operations. Your directors have, therefore, decided to adopt the General Manager's proposals; and they look forward to the treatment of the zinc product becoming in the course of a few months a part of the company's regular operations."

Mr. Greenway's process has been given a trial; the experimental plant is able to treat 1 cwt. in five minutes. Of variations of the process almost perfected by Messrs. Edwards and Butterworth, of the Junction North and Central Mines, nothing, definite has been announced. Shareholders are also still in the dark with regard to the Koehler-Carmichael process of the Proprietary.

Mr. Carmichael has been in England supervising some experiments there, and the result has not reached Australia. The position at present is merely one of rest. The mines are content that the difficulties have been overcome; the question of cost is now the great matter for consideration. And even that has been answered by the Metal Company. By the way, the Central Mine (Sulphide Corporation) is turning out a direct zinc product at the rate of 400 tons weekly, and Block 14 at the rate of over 50 tons.

The concentration figures of Block 10 for its last half-year expose thoroughly the present zinc position. During the six months, 77,185 tons of ore were raised and concentrated. This yielded 12,680 tons of concentrates—six tons of crudes to one of concentrates. Excepting a little slimes, the balance went into the "zinc tailings" dump. On assays, the crudes contained 1,260,688 oz. of silver and 12,600 tons of lead. Of this, the concentrates carried only 439,784 oz. of silver and 8313 tons of lead, so that 4287 tons of lead and 820,904 oz. of silver went into the "waste" dump with the zincs. Block 10 is able to make £100,000 a-year profit with silver averaging 2s. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. and lead £14 10s. 11d. per ton, in spite of losing two-thirds of its silver and one-third of its lead; therefore, how will it improve that profit when a perfect system of zinc extraction comes along? Block 10's figures well illustrate the position all along the line.

Now to touch lightly on the other mines. The Proprietary works as steadily as the sun. The additions to the concentrating-mill have been completed. The Sulphide Corporation's property, as development proceeds, bears out my predictions. This mine ranks next to the Proprietary, and is making (with the Cockle Creek works) a profit of about £130,000 per year. Kintore shaft has reached the 700-foot in a fine body of ore: the old main shaft is to be taken to the same depth, and the country 'tween the two opened up. The declaration of a 10 per cent. dividend has had a great effect on the local market, and is looked upon as a foretaste of future favours. The British Mine (meetings of shareholders are held in London) showed a profit of £28,400 for the half-year ending June. The profit for the present half will, I believe, be over £32,000. Carbonates are growing scarcer in the mine, but the sulphide bodies are superb in appearance. There is quite three years' supply of ore at present in sight. Blackwood shaft is being carried down from the 520-foot; the objective point is 800 or 1000 feet. Exploration will be carried out at each 100 feet. The directors have also decided to follow out the advice of their Press critics (including myself), and test Block 16, which may prove the most valuable portion of their property. Late assays of British ore give: carbonates, 20 oz. silver and 35 per cent. lead; sulphides, 11 oz. silver, 17 per cent. lead, and 18 per cent. zinc. North Mine, after thirteen years' working, declared its first dividend (of 6d.) last week. It will, I think, pay regularly every quarter now. This is by far the best of the three Northern mines, and I am surprised that the Mines Selection Company of London let pass the chance of



THE EARL OF BEAUCHAMP, GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES, AND THE DIRECTORS AND MANAGERS OF THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY MINE.

securing it. There are at present 100,000 tons of ore in sight. Shares in this property will see 20s., if not more, very shortly. The A. B. H. Consols has been paying attention lately to development at the lower levels, and, though yielding good ore in patches, has not produced any more of those marvellous slugs of pure silver for which it is famous. It will do so later. The South Mine is as strong as ever; the only mine, in fact, of the future of which there is any doubt is the Junction North. The British has sold its concentrates for twelve months to the Australian Metal Company; the South has just disposed of 17,000 tons of slimes to Block 14; Block 10 has sold 13,000 tons of slimes to the Metal Company, and has also got rid of its concentrates for twelve months (about 25,000 tons). The war has prevented the floating-off of several outside properties, but they will come again. One small mine, the Fairy Hill, of which great hopes were entertained, has been mismanaged into liquidation; it cost the company more to run its city office than to work the mine. The property, however, will be heard of later on.

YANKEES.

Speculation in American Railroad shares is beginning to softly steal round the Yankee Market once more. The gloom that hangs over the Kaffir Circus on account of the war, and the uncertainty existing with regard to the groups of Westralian financiers, have placed those markets—ordinarily the favourite hunting-ground of the professional punter—almost *hors de combat*, so far as the gambling interest is concerned. Home Rails are too stagnations and Foreign Rails too unknown a quantity to attract the hand-to-mouth operator, who is accordingly forced to turn his thoughts towards the Yankee Market whenever he wants, in Stock Exchange parlance, “to have a dash.” Combined with the growing tendency of money to become less dear, these causes are the principal ones now working in favour of the mercurial American Department, but at present there is no indication of a sustained demand springing up for these shares.

The wily Yankee, however, is closely watching the Transvaal situation, as is evidenced by his putting down the price of Americans upon any rumour of unfavourable news as regards our troops. When he has bought all he wants, we doubt whether anything short of a putting-up the British Empire to auction will stop him whacking his own donkey for all he is worth. In other words, we consider that, when enough cheap shares have been acquired by the “other side,” there is likely to be a sharp upward movement in Yankee Rails. The traffic-returns of the lines most before the British public have for some time past been of an excellent character, but the shares were severely shaken by the monetary crisis in New York during the third week of December, and are recovering much more deliberately than they dropped. Of course, in this market it is impossible to say what scares may not be organised by the ursine brigade in Wall Street, such as elections, currency quarrels, and all that sort of thing; but, as far as one can see by taking a general view of the position, there is no reason why the annual spring “boom” in Yankees should not come off this year. In a lively time, all of the London specialities would share in the rise; perhaps Atchison Preference and Louisville are the likeliest to respond to the piping of the bulls.

INDUSTRIALS.

It is by no means surprising that dear money should bring absence of business to the Miscellaneous Market, because, with the Banks giving 4 per cent. to depositors, there is not much inducement to the careful money-saver to invest his cash in shares that pay only a little more than the Banks, and which, in these troublous times, run risks of declining in value which he does not feel eager to face. But, on the other hand, the time of depression is the great opportunity for all capitalists, and in the Industrial section there are plenty of shares on offer at prices that will seem ridiculously low when money becomes cheaper and the markets more settled down.

The Bank share division is still well worth studying. London and Westminster at 65 are cheap, although they have come up from 61 within a fortnight. London Joint Stocks are also a good purchase. The heavy liability on both of these naturally deters a good many from investing money in this market, but the likelihood of any of the capital being called up is very remote. Side by side with the Bank Market is the Dock Division. The principal Dock stocks may be worth buying if the companies are allowed to impose a charge upon the barges, but until that point is settled we should not advise a purchase of these securities.

Lyons' shares are now standing at 6, owing to the lack of animation in the market, and are distinctively attractive, but a better investment yet are Vickers, at 5½ to 5¼. Our “House Haunter” was writing about these in his Stock Exchange letter last week, and we may add that the company is doing a splendid business, has orders in hand that will last for years to come, and is on the point of declaring a handsome dividend.

THE KAFFIR HIPPODROME.

The bulls and bears are gradually tiring of tearing round each other in a ten-shilling ring, and stagnation lionises the Kaffir Market. There are still optimists who say that Buller's first victory will be virtually the end of the war, and whose one ardent desire is to see General French changing places with Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts. The market holds its ground so steadily that public opinion is apparently not far from the optimist's, and brokers get small buying orders every day.

There is a certain amount of significance in the letter published a few days ago in the *Telegraph*, written just before Christmas by a gentleman who had then left Johannesburg quite recently. He mentions the fact that the Boer State Mining Engineer, Mr. J. B. Munnik by euphonious name, was doing remarkably well, and that his expenses were less than under the former management. This was from his headquarters at the (J. B.) Robinson Mine. Now, it is all very well to say that his expenses were less than those of his predecessor, but how about the profits? Are

they maintained, we wonder, or decreased, or multiplied? We should very much like to know that little point, and also whether the superintendents allow the Kaffirs to drink to any amount, in spite of the laws, and what price is being paid for the dynamite. Until we hear something about these questions, we entirely decline to allow that the *Telegraph* correspondent's facts are any criterion whatever in framing estimates.

THE BARROW HEMATITE STEEL SCHEME.

We are glad to see that the Preference shareholders are taking resolute action to prevent the Ordinary shareholders reducing their dividend by one-half. The question is so important to the holders of all Preference shares that the matter might well be taken up outside the particular company affected. The public subscribe for a 6 per cent. Preference share after the payment of whose fixed dividend the whole of the profits belong to the holders of Ordinary shares, and, at a time when the income of the concern is enough to pay the Preference dividend twice over, the company calmly proposes to write off one-half of the nominal value of the Preference shares, so that the 6 per cent. Preferential dividend may be paid on £3 15s. instead of on £7. This is equivalent to enabling the Ordinary shareholders to take everything in future after paying one-half as much as they promised to pay, and, coming at a time when the income of the company is ample, and the profits of all steel, iron, and coal properties are rising by leaps and bounds, appears to be mere spoliation. Every Preference shareholder, whether he can afford to subscribe threepence a share to the fighting fund or not, should lend the moral weight of his name to the committee which has been formed to resist the carrying out of so iniquitous a proposal.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The following extracts from a private letter just received from our Johannesburg correspondent may be of interest to our readers at this moment. How our correspondent got out of Ladysmith we do not know, and when he will be in the Golden City again is, of course, very doubtful, but our readers may depend upon it that he will be among the first to return, and will tell the truth—the whole truth—about the actual condition of the various mines when he gets there.

Durban. Dec. 9, 1899.

I have only just received your letter of Sept. 26. It was detained at Cape Town while I was locked up in Ladysmith. Since coming down here, I have got my home-letters forwarded from Cape Town, yours among the number.

We are having exciting times in South Africa, and unless you had asked me for the account, I should scarcely have remembered to send it. Everything is upside-down. Latest accounts from Johannesburg, bringing us down to a few days ago, show that all is right there yet, in town and at the mines; but, in common with many others, I take a very pessimistic view of what will have happened by the time we get back. On this point I shall endeavour to let you have an article or two soon. As soon as Johannesburg is open I expect to be there, and will have ample material to write about in the condition of the various mines.

Saturday, Jan. 6, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the “City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand.”

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FALCON.—We do not like the Threads. The price is 1½ to 1½, but not a good market. The shares are not quoted in the Official List.

PERPLEXED.—The Mine is a good one, but, with dear money and war, it is very doubtful when the price will rise. If you think there is likely to be a striking success in Africa, hold on and sell upon the rise which is pretty sure to follow. The same remarks apply to Globes.

J. E. F.—Nothing is known of the Edinburgh shares here, but we have written to our correspondent in that centre and will send you a line as soon as we get his answer.

WEST.—Write to F. C. Mathieson and Sons, Copthall Avenue, E.C. The price is 1s.

T. W.—As far as we know, Crédit Foncière of England are not in existence.

W. O. C.—We have always refused to advise as to the shares of the company which owns this paper, and we really cannot depart from a rule which you must see is only reasonable. The report will be out in about a month, and you will be able to judge for yourself; but the benefit of the war circulations will not be fully apparent.

NOLENS.—The question of whether Preference shareholders are entitled to a copy of the report of a company depends on the Articles of Association. It is not usual to keep it back, and, as you say, such a course is very unsatisfactory. You are entitled to a copy of the Articles on payment of one shilling. Buy one, and see what rights you have.

E. D.—We have received your papers. Within seven days of the meeting, give notice in writing to the liquidator that, under Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862, you dissent from the scheme, and require him either to abandon the scheme or to purchase your interests. The notice is very technical, and we strongly advise you to get a solicitor who understands Company Law to draw it for you. The liquidator must then make an offer for your shares, and, if you decline to accept it, there must be an arbitration. Should you recover more than the liquidator offered, he will have to pay the costs; if less, you will have to pay. Be careful that the notice is sent in time and gives the liquidator the alternative mentioned above, otherwise it will be void.

ROVER.—Debentures (unless to bearer) are usually transferred by a document under seal signed by the transferor and transferee. This, with the Debenture, should be left at the company's office, and, after the proper entries have been made in the books, the Debenture, endorsed with a note of the new owner's name, is returned, while the transfer is retained by the company. In the conditions printed on most Debentures you will find the regulations as to transfer. Only in the case of Debenture stock is a new certificate issued.

C. J. D.—We have no certain information as to the Tobacco shares, but will make inquiries and reply next week. Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you mention. They will palm off some rubbish on you, and when you want to sell you will be unable to find a buyer.